THE COMMONWEAL

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MARRIAGE ANNULMENTS AT ROME

IT IS probable that no aspect of the proposed new canon on marriage formulated by a committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to be submitted to the general convention of that church, in Denver, on September 16, packed with controversial matter as it is, will attract more general attention than the substitution of decrees of "nullity" for divorce. It is, of course, of particular interest to Catholics, because of the fact that more misunderstanding and adverse criticism of the matrimonial laws of the Church has been caused by its occasional nullification of marriages than by any other article in the code of canon law. So far we have only observed one public criticism of this particular feature of the proposed new canon, which was offered by Dr. Charles Francis Potter, of the humanist group, who remarked that while apparently closing the front door against divorce, the new regulation would open a large number of rear doors to effect the same purpose. By a rather curious coincidence, the question of nullity has again been raised in England, where a certain Church of England clergyman has been taken to task by the *Catholic Gazette,* the organ of the Catholic Missionary Society, which, under the leadership of Reverend Herbert Vaughan, D.D., and Reverend Bernard Grimley, D.D., carries on the special work of spreading Catholic doctrine among non-Catholics, and with conspicuous success. What the *Gazette* has to say has, therefore, more than local interest and, with due acknowledgment to our English contemporary, we are drawing substantially upon what it has to say on the subject, for the sake of its application to the controversy aroused in this country by the wide publicity given to the report of the Marriage Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

"It has been urged by a certain 'columnary' divine, who, incidentally, wherever Romanists are concerned is also calumniatory [it would seem that Dean Inge is indicated], that there is a strong inconsistency between the severity the Catholic Church preaches in matrimonial affairs and the laxity she practises. While, in point of fact, she repudiates with indignation the theory of divorce, actually she camouflages its reality, he maintains, beneath the cloak of a declaration of nullity. It is only necessary, it is alleged, to be rich, famous, or, indeed, notorious, and it is the easiest matter in the world to get Rome to dissolve a marriage."

This opinion is not peculiar to the English divine in question, but is very widespread, particularly since the

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case of the Duke of Marlborough so deeply agitated Church of England and Protestant Episcopal circles both in England and America.

That this view of the matter is, of course, false, is well known to Catholics who have looked into the accusation. There were many nullity suits and declarations of nullity—as the *Catholic Gazette* points out—long before the press conferred such excited notoriety on the Marlborough and the Marconi cases. To confuse nullity proceedings with divorce is to miss the whole point involved, so far as Catholic doctrine and practice concerning matrimony are concerned. A nullity case is simply a recognition of the fact that the Church knows that under certain conditions a reputed sacramental marriage has not been a real marriage, and has the courage as well as the conviction to say so, and to act upon that conviction.

In general, there is a vague idea that the nullity cases in the Catholic Church are almost as numerous as divorce cases in other communions. But Rome does not compete with Reno. As a matter of fact, the official report of such cases, issued yearly by the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis,* provides convincing evidence of the consistent care and solicitude displayed by the Catholic Church for the maintenance of the sanctity of the marriage bond. The *Catholic Gazette* has analyzed the figures provided by the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* in the number containing the reports of the cases brought before the Sacred Tribunal of the Rota, the court which considers nullity suits, during the year 1930. These reports, the *Catholic Gazette* remarks in conclusion, "are a better refutation of the ugly divorce calumny than whole volumes of polemics and apologetics put together.

"Last year, 1930, the Rota had before it forty-three cases of marriages, which, for one reason or another, the parties concerned considered, or feared, to be invalid. It is to be noted, parenthetically, that the point at issue in them all was, not the dissolution of a valid marriage for any reason whatever, but the vital and fundamental reality of the validity of the marriage itself. Of these forty-three nullity suits, thirty-three were dismissed and in ten only were declarations of nullity rendered. There were considered, moreover, ten appeals against previous judgments. Of the six cases in which judgment was reversed, all the decisions, save one, were in favor of the validity of the marriage. Striking evidence, indeed, not of the Church's laxity, but of her solicitude!

"A still more illuminating fact—of the forty-three nullity suits twenty-four were sued *in forma pauperis,* i.e., by poor persons, an advocate being assigned *ex mandato gratuiti patrocinii.* Out of these twenty-four, eight declarations of nullity were rendered, while of the nineteen cases argued by feed advocates the declarations of nullity rendered were only three. It is even more noteworthy that of the ten appeals against previous judgments five were pleaded *in forma pauperis.* Thus, of all the matrimonial cases considered last year by the Rota either in the first or the second instance, amounting in all to fifty-three, twenty-nine were pleaded *in forma pauperis,* and in only fourteen was a declaration of nullity either rendered or confirmed. Surely these figures must be eloquent. . . . Clearly Rome is ready neither to grant declarations of nullity easily, nor, indeed, to grant them more easily to the rich. After all, the Universal Church could hardly be expected to be an *acceptor personarum.*"

Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell, warden of St. Stephen's College, New York, a spokesman of the Anglo-Catholic party in the Protestant Episcopal Church, in an open letter to the committee which formulated the new canon, says that many ministers had long recognized the necessity for "proper machinery to pronounce on annulments." Irrespective of the nullity clause, however, Dr. Bell asserts that the section of the canon which would permit the bishop or diocesan court to authorize the remarriage of divorced persons is "contrary to every known practice of Catholic Christendom for nineteen centuries." And he goes on to say that "what the commission proposes is simply that hereafter we of the Episcopal Church shall violate the expressed commands of Jesus Christ about marriage whenever that may seem good in the pious judgment of an individual bishop. This is infallibility with a vengeance! The Holy Father in Rome claims the right to interpret Christ's will and law, but even he never has gone so far as to maintain that he has the right to contradict Christ's law." This is really the root of the matter. In so far as by seeking in all good faith to define the causes which really make a supposed marriage no marriage at all, the new canon of the Protestant Episcopal Church at least approaches the conception of marriage held sacred by the Catholic Church. But unless true marriage is held to be in all cases indissoluble, the door is open to manifold abuses, which no exercise of the renowned "comprehensiveness" of the Protestant Episcopal or Anglican Churches can do away with.

WEEK BY WEEK

SPECIFIC virtues of the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce will be easier to estimate a week hence. But one can endorse without hesitation the idea of a conference equipped to discuss major economic problems from necessarily different points of view. To the European statesman in particular, more or less pleasant conversation about peace pacts and minority rights no longer suffices. He realizes that the fundamental significance of modern democracy is the emphasis it has placed upon the income of the average citizen. Government can mean to him only this—ability to maintain as steadily as possible a certain standard of living. Sometimes it implies, as in the case of Mr. Henderson and his associates, a struggle to remove such menaces as competitive disarmaments. But more

Both Ends of the Beam

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and more obviously tangled topics like modification of the Young Plan, the Soviet ambitions and tariff wars are pushing themselves into the foreground. There is no immediate answer to any of the questions they raise. These matters are really the underpinning of our present unsatisfactory economic structure, and no new social architecture can be expected until something has been done about them. That necessitates hammering at both ends of the beam. Drawing out the conflicting, sometimes radically belligerent, points of view which characterize the several nations is as plain a dictate of common sense as a knowledge of foundations was to the men who built the Empire State Building.

THAT is why the delicate reticence of the Washington government anent the present conference is disappointing. We are far from believing that the millennium would follow cancellation of war debts, a theoretic pigeon-holing of Russia, or the adoption of free trade. But it is pretty clear that America is not right on any of these things. Take for instance the matter of war debts. Before these unpleasant obligations reached their present status, the situation was this: Germany was paying reparations to the Allies on the assumption that she alone was responsible for the war; the Allies were more or less grudgingly coming to terms with Washington; and behind the scenes one loan after another was giving American money increasingly important stakes in Europe. Today all is different. The guilt theory no longer holds water, Germany is merely paying off the Allied obligation on a basis which the Young Plan itself stigmatized as unfair, and the value of our commitments to Europe decreases with every new week of depression. And of course there are many other facets of the problem which must remain equally embarrassing. In consequence, one finds it relatively simple to agree with Professor James W. Angell, who concludes an interesting review of the problem for the Foreign Policy Association by saying: "It is evidently not beyond the bounds of possibility that a combination of ethical and economic considerations will eventually lead us to revise our present view of the questions at issue."

RETURNING from his triumphal sojourn in the White House, the boy hero of Colorado was heard to declare that he was a Democrat. The plucky days of Stonewall Jackson have not passed, after all—or can it be that conservatism is contagious? How to secure political steadfastness these days, without impairing one's agreeable relations with other folk, may well be something of a problem. We think that Miss Elisabeth Marbury, who in addition to many other things is New York's most prominent feminine Democratic organizer, is possibly on the road to a solution. As described by the reporters, her first conference this year was quite engrossing. The rain and the winds called a halt to the "daffodil party" originally planned, but Miss Marbury and her guests were nothing daunted. They talked of Zaro Agha, the Queen of the Sandwich Islands, New York of old. And at the close the hostess was even heard to remark that Mr. Coolidge was her favorite editorial writer. "When he says it's spring, you know it is spring," she said with finality. So gallant a doffing of the plume must not be taken to mean, however, that Democratic committeewomen are lukewarm. They will swing into action like troopers, to be sure. But who knows if we have not been given fair warning that lady politicians of the future will be not Amazons but ever so much nicer creatures, from whom you will come away feeling that though both candidates are very attractive, and both platforms equally undecipherable, you are, of course, a Democrat—or a Republican? We hesitate to predict the eventual triumph of the daffodil over the pamphlet, but we really hope for it more than we can tell you.

Super-Politics

DESPITE the suggestive association of words in the caption, this paragraph is not about prohibition. It is about Ireland's happy present history—or happy present lack of history, by current standards—as summarized for us by the special observer of the New York *Times*. That admirable newspaper may have realized that its work in gathering and reporting world events of late has been all too successful; that its lengthy and colorful accounts, its carefully amassed data, its authoritative ubiquity, have given such complete reality to current history that, current history being what it is, most of us are fatigued to the eyes with revolutions, dethronements, depressions, dictatorships, cabals and counter-cabals. At any rate, by whatever felicitous inspiration, a correspondent was sent to Dublin to see what the Free Staters have to say for themselves. Not that the Free State has been wholly cut off from human report, of course. The majority of even casual readers probably know certain specific and striking things about it: as, for instance, that it was elected to the League of Nations Council this year "on its own merits as a sovereign state"—the first of the British Commonwealth to be so honored; that its finances are universally admitted to be sound, while its taxes keep on coming down; that its chief river, the Shannon, has been harnessed to provide hydroelectric power to the whole state. But the details of growth and civic discipline behind these achievements make just now a very soothing enumeration.

Oasis in Ireland

IT IS pointed out, for instance, that before the Free State could expand into "one of the most comfortable and stable states in the world," order had to be reestablished there. So thoroughly has the job been done that the very statement sounds strange. Yet Kevin O'Higgins's account reads: "In 1922 there was no state and no organized forces. . . . No police force was functioning throughout the country; no system of justice was operating." In the nine-year interval life and

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property have been made safe, the proportion of serious crime has shrunk to the lowest in Europe, 45,000 of an army of 50,000 men have been peacefully disbanded and absorbed into the tiny country's economic structure. Other things have been done, too, things that needed money; they have been done magnificently, though money was scarce. Cork and Dublin have arisen once more, larger and more beautiful. The roads throughout the state—neglected or destroyed during the long warfare—have been remade. This has resulted in universal motor-bus travel, but even here the Free State's luck has held: the motor bus, instead of accentuating the up-to-the-city movement, has reversed it; the farmer is content to remain on the land, for he can now "keep in touch." The country is meeting its share of agricultural depression by immediate loans, and by a scientific study looking toward "remote control" by reducing the farmer's overhead. It is perfecting a storage battery which it is confident will enable it to utilize the Shannon plant not only for all internal needs, but for the mass-production projects of outside industrialists: *vide* the Ford factory in Cork, and the beet-sugar works in Carlow, already in operation. In a word, the *Times* puts vividly before us a phenomenon few of us have completely realized: the phenomenon of a record relapse into civilization. We thank the *Times,* and salute the relapsers.

Ten Minutes for Divorce

AS WE hold divorce to be wrong, we deplore whatever increases it. In so far as the new six-weeks'-residence provision in the Nevada statute increases it—which it unquestionably does and will—we deplore the provision. But it would be hypocritical to say that we unequivocally deplore the resulting spectacle on the first day at Reno, as reported in the press. On the contrary, there is a certain grim satisfaction in having the whole vulgar business appropriately symbolized. If divorce were a matter of particular, tragically hard cases, though it would still be unchristian, it need not be indecorous. When it becomes very largely a matter of trivial motives and herd imitation, its character is much more realistically expressed, that is, much more honestly expressed, by a "divorce mill" that works with the speed, and approximately the dignity, of a sausage grinder, than by expedients designed to keep everything quiet and respectable. The county clerk's office was crowded from six o'clock in the morning; bevies of lawyers filed in, some boasting as many as fifteen clients; suits were entered at two-minute intervals all day long; the cash register "clanged regularly thirty times an hour"—$20.00 for each complaint entered, $10.00 for each reply to a contested suit; the judges hoped, upon interrogation, to grant a divorce every ten minutes, when the cases came to trial. Because all this is as blatant, as cheap and as drearily comic as easy divorce itself—indeed, one might call it easy divorce made visible, or reduced to its lowest terms—it may be the bitter and salutary medicine we need. Our society has long passed the point where it can be hurt by the spectacle. Perhaps it has come to the point where it will be helped.

Talking about Ourselves

THE DEBATE about American civilization will certainly go on as long as America goes on impinging on other civilizations. That is, for a period whereof no man now living can foresee the close. Visiting intellectuals will continue to exonerate us or indict us or qualify their former indictments or mingle a few judicious suggestions with their friendly praise. Roaming Americans will continue to find nourishment for their cultural hungers and harborage for their free spirits, in this or that European country; and others, just as avid of culture, just as enamored of freedom, will come bounding back to the land of the Pilgrims' pride, as they do today, with the rapturous cries of those whom exile has taught to recognize their home. Yet familiarity with all this, acceptance of it all as representing various fragments of the truth, even virtual assurance that it has only just begun, does not dim its interest for most of us. Perhaps we actually are as young as we are sometimes accused of being. At any rate, when the *Catholic News* publishes a symposium in defense of American culture from the pens of the president of Georgetown, the rector of the Catholic University, and the secretary of the National Catholic Educational Association; when Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch instructs us, in *Harper's,* to hold up our heads before foreigners, since we do not lose by comparison with them—we all read with attention as close, and gratification as fresh, as if these writers were the first to strike this particular note. Which they are not.

OF COURSE, style and dialectic soundness also help to promote our interest in these four particular apologias. Monsignor Ryan is pungent and positive; he is willing to consider the question of our cultural lacks, but only with an observer who has some actual perception of our cultural achievements, which are patent and often unparalleled "to whatever field of creative thinking one turns." Dr. Johnson writes a convinced and arresting description of the raising of the mass level by our system of democratic education; a realistic description, too, for it takes into deliberate account what we have lost thereby. Father Nevils reminds us that, after all, "material success does not necessarily exclude culture," and points to the undeniable fact that America has used a tremendous part of her wealth to underwrite the arts. Mr. Krutch's angle on the matter is more special; he has been a detached, one might say a disillusioned, observer of the whole phenomenon of modern culture. He finds America's first advantage to be that, in contrast with the older, more or less self-contained cultures, "at least its development is taking place to the accompaniment of perpetual self-criticism." Secondly, America alone takes to machinery "with the enthusiasm of youth and

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manipulates its levers as though they were the muscles of its own body." Not all of us agree that this is "an advantage for which nothing can compensate"—something "not learnable at all," whereas "what Europe has to teach us . . . at least is something teachable." But it is, so far as it goes, an advantage. Finally Mr. Krutch agrees with Father Nevils in suspecting the motive of most strictures from without. Too general, he says, is the tendency "to accept without question the criticism of a Europe which is actually neither very well informed nor, because of its own natural prejudice, capable of an unbiased judgment. . . . If the American intellectual is to maintain with his country a contact close enough to make his criticism effective, he must take care that the criticism is just."

CORRECTING PROHIBITION

A HEARTENING thing about the prohibition question at present is the prospect that it will be brought out into the open and the public will be given an opportunity to express unequivocally its opinions. This will be only justice, under a representative form of government. Probably one of the most annoying aspects of the situation during the past decade, has been the frustration of representative government practised in various quarters for various expediencies, which has resulted from the straddling on the prohibition issue and the success heretofore of the organized drys in keeping the lid on any legislative opposition. We have had such unequivocal reflections of trained minds of the country, and those best in a position to know the reasons for and against the present prohibition system, as the two to one vote for repeal of the American Bar Association. We have had the unimpeachably fair and very general—that is, representative of all sections of the country—vote conducted by the *Literary Digest,* which showed a preponderant sentiment for either repeal or modification. The more recent vote for repeal of the National Economic League, an altogether sober and non-partizan body, is more of the same sort of impressive—yet, so far, ineffective—public expression. The vote of the eleven members of the Wickersham Committee gave the final and most convincing proof that very few persons can honestly face the facts of prohibition as it exists today and not urgently desire either outright repeal or very drastic modification. The now familiar, though as yet unexplained, thwarting of the opinions of the individual members is equally an excellent example of the kind of minority high-handedness that has been effectively paralyzing our whole conception of just government.

But a reflection of public sentiment by government at last seems imminent. First we have had speakers, particularly Mrs. Clem Shaver, at the meeting of the dry women's organizations in Washington, declare that the drys will bolt any party with a moist candidate in the next elections. The drys have consistently done this, and this has been their strength. Immediately on the heels of the dry ladies, came the wet ones, and their leader, Mrs. Sabin, declared that they will support any party for repeal, regardless of their regular party affiliations. This is no idle gesture when it is considered that the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform has, in New York for instance, double the membership of the W. C. T. U. The latter, specifically, is 45,244 strong, while the former is 91,261 strong. In spite of the comparative youth of the Prohibition Reform Organization, it already is able to report a membership exceeding that of the W. C. T. U. in Connecticut, Illinois, Massachusetts, Michigan and Missouri. It further reports a total membership of 300,000 women pledged to work for repeal. This indeed is a formidable "battalion of death" to oppose the pussy-footing congressmen and senators, and those who drink wet and vote dry. Women have a sort of unhumorous and uncompromising way in politics, that we believe will strike especial terror in the ranks of those who drink wet and vote dry. Men incline to stick to issues, but women—if we may generalize in spite of the probable exceptions in detail—have no convention of reticence in the matter of personalities. Rather do they seem to incline to be emotionally stirred by them, and we believe they will be merciless in their exposure of and judgment on hypocrisy.

Without a dissenting vote, the 1,200 women delegates to the convention in Washington went on record declaring it to be "the sense of this conference that, in order to effect the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform urge its members to support only those candidates for public office who have openly declared themselves in favor of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment." The conviction of the organization was affirmed to be that "only upon the principle of state control responsive to the sentiment of the people, and therefore capable of enforcement, can be found a solution of this great problem."

Previously Dr. Esther Loring Richards, psychiatrist, of Johns Hopkins University Hospital, Baltimore, and Mrs. August Belmont of New York had declared that prohibition is a menace to the social order because it undermines character and regard for law. "Prohibitions do not work, unless they are self-manufactured," said Dr. Black, adding that otherwise they stimulate a spirit of adventurous defiance, and "it is no wonder that even prohibitionists are becoming worried about the attitude of childhood and youth toward the Eighteenth Amendment. Nothing is so perilous to public morale as breaking the law."

In a parting resolution the convention applauded the "courage, intellectual integrity, high moral sense and sound patriotism of the 100,000 women of Finland who, as advocates of the true temperance, have just petitioned the President of the Finnish Republic for speedy repeal of national prohibition, declaring that it is supported 'only by fanatics and bootleggers.'"

Following upon these cannonades from the ladies'

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battalion, a most important assembly of men took place in Philadelphia, historic city associated with the foundations of American liberty and the framing of the United States Constitution. This was the meeting of the delegates to the anti-Volstead conference of the American Federation of Labor, which is undertaking to organize for effective action its full membership of 2,000,000 for a dry law modification to permit light wines and beer. The modification committee, whose president is Mr. Woll, a vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, assumed a name which would have sounded well to the founders of the American commonwealth—Labor's Liberty Legion—and asserted that their duty shall be "to take to the far corners of our country the battle-cry of freedom from an impossible governmental tyranny. . . . The paramount need of our times is for revival of faith in liberty and democracy and the marshaling of a great legion of defenders of freedom against the covert and insidious assaults, in the long list of which the Volstead act is perhaps the most vicious."

Unions of every craft were called upon to "support the work entrusted to this organization by authority of the American Federation of Labor's executive council." Meetings throughout the country are to be held when modification bills come before committees at the next session of Congress.

Representative James M. Beck of Pennsylvania suggested the "exercise of the immemorial right of the English-speaking race, which is the power over the purse," as a way to overthrow prohibition. He advised the election of representatives pledged against the appropriation of funds for enforcement. Asserting that at least one hundred and forty such representatives would be at the coming Congress, he pointed out that about two hundred were needed and that they could be obtained from the great urban centers. This would be a most effective blow at that large, corrupt and parasitic growth within and without the body politic of persons who drink as they please and are supported by dry funds, either in the form of salaries for spying upon or manhandling productive citizens or of expenses for their efforts as agitators.

In New York on the same day, Archdeacon Joseph H. Dodshon, president of the Church Temperance Society of the Episcopal Church, in a speech at the Ritz-Carlton, deprecated the work of Mr. George W. Wickersham and Bishop James Cannon, and criticized the lobbying activities of certain church groups, declaring that popular reaction to the two churches that were "the worst offenders—the Methodist and the Presbyterian—explained why their decreases in membership, while others gained, have been the greatest. If other churches were to set up a super-government such as theirs, say the Catholic or my own church, there would be a revolution in this country. But they get by with it." He condemned "religious fanatics who tell you that God is the inspiration of prohibition. I tell you, it is the devil. If Jesus Christ came to the earth today as He did 2,000 years ago, these people would arrest Him." While England had "cut her liquor bill and emptied her jails," he said, we, under prohibition, had lost what progress we had made up until 1920 toward temperance, and our prisons were overflowing.

In conclusion we may quote recent statements on the subject made by Mr. Raskob, chairman of the Democratic National Committee and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, prominent in Republican councils. Said Mr. Raskob, as reported in the New York *Times*: "Proper respect for the dry element dictates a desirability of retaining the Eighteenth Amendment, thus enabling the federal government to assist in the protection of the frontiers of those states or communities whose people want prohibition retained. Likewise, proper respect for the opinions of the wet element in those sections of the country where prohibition is working great injury to society through the development of racketeering and all sorts of corruption and vice, suggests to my mind that the Democratic party is well advised to adopt a platform that will request its representatives to vote in favor of a resolution in Congress in the form of a new amendment to the Constitution which will provide that any state may take over absolutely the manufacture, transportation and sale of intoxicating liquors within its own borders, provided the plan for so doing is first approved in referendum by the majority of the people in that state."

Said Dr. Butler in an address before The Crusaders for prohibition reform, in California: "I urge upon the thoughtful, the patriotic and the law-abiding citizens of the United States the quick mobilizing of public opinion throughout this land, to the end that the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States may be repealed at the earliest possible date. . . . First, because that amendment represents a false step in government. No other amendment has undertaken so to depart from the fundamental principles upon which the Constitution rests. It means the total destruction of that elasticity in our government, of that diversity in unity, of that local self-government, which have enabled this country to continue and to flourish for one hundred and sixty years. The full police power must be restored to the forty-eight constituent states, in order that those states may deal with this question, or with any other similar question which may hereafter arise, in accordance with the Constitution of our fathers, and in harmony with the form of government which has come down to us through the years. In the second place, even if the Eighteenth Amendment did not represent a fundamental and far-reaching error in government, it has proved itself the worst method yet devised by man in his attempt to deal with the admitted evils of the liquor traffic. What that amendment really endeavors to bring about, no matter what camouflage is used, is not temperance in any sense, but compulsory total abstinence enforced by all the powers of government. This is something immoral, illegal and fortunately wholly impracticable."

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CATHOLIC INDUSTRIAL PRINCIPLES

By BISHOP O'HARA

If there is one real advantage that we may hope will materialize from the present world-wide industrial depression, it is a reawakened perception by practical men of the importance of social justice. The great voice of Pope Leo XIII is daily more and more appreciated. While the confusion of tongues between social theorists and between nations seems at its height, he alone offers a universally applicable plan for social justice, and one that has had the cumulative advantage of forty years of promulgation in every language. In the midst of chaos, it is the true core of sanity.—The Editors.

A FULL generation has passed since Pope Leo XIII issued his epoch-making encyclical on the condition of labor. At the invitation of the present Holy Father, the civilized world is invited to take stock of the effect of this potent leaven which his predecessor inserted forty years ago into the chaotic mass known as modern industrialism. Pilgrims from all the industrial nations will make their way to the Eternal City during May of this year to bear testimony to the progress which has been made. It can safely be said that there is no modern nation but has felt the influence of Leo's pronouncement; no important thinking on the subject which has not been affected by it; no large group of working men which has not had cause to be thankful to the "Pope of the working man."

The influence of Leo, however, is not spent. His encyclical still declares the Catholic doctrine of social justice and points the path of duty of the minister of religion in the face of present-day industrial conditions.

Pope Leo XIII, after setting forth the social program of the Church, concludes by explicitly placing on the clergy, in union with their bishops, the task of persistent and energetic action in behalf of the laboring class. He writes:

> Every minister of holy religion must throw into the conflict (in behalf of social justice and charity) all the energy of his mind and all the strength of his endurance.

Similar injunctions have been addressed to the clergy by Pius X, Benedict XV and Pius XI.

In fulfilling these injunctions, the pastor will find that his activities in behalf of his working men will fall into three general channels, the currents of which flow largely in the same direction and frequently converge. These channels are education, organization and legislation.

It will be the duty of the pastor in industrial centers to explain to his people clearly and frequently, the Christian laws of justice and of charity as they affect employer and employee. He will point out with Leo XIII that a great error in the discussion of industrial problems is to possess oneself of the idea that class is naturally hostile to class; that rich and poor are intended by nature to live at war with one another. On the contrary, each requires the other; capital cannot thrive without labor, nor labor without capital. He will go on to teach that religion requires the laboring man to carry out honestly and well all equitable agreements fairly made; never to injure capital, nor to outrage the person of an employer; never to employ violence in representing his own cause, nor to engage in riot and disorder. Religion, he will continue, teaches the employer that his working people are not his slaves; that he must respect in every man his dignity as a Christian; that labor is nothing to be ashamed of, but that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels in order to make money, or to look upon them as merely so much muscle or physical power; that the employer must see that his workmen have time for their duties of piety and the obligations of their family life; that they must not be taxed beyond their strength or employed in work unsuited to their sex or age; that the workmen are entitled to a living wage, and that to exercise pressure for the sake of gain upon the indigent and destitute, and to make one's profit out of the need of another, is condemned by all laws, human and divine.

These principles will be the staple of instruction by which the pastor will seek to educate his people to a Christian conscience in regard to the relations of employers and workmen; for, "were these precepts carefully obeyed and followed out," asks Leo XIII, "would not strife die out and cease?"

But the pastor cannot be satisfied with mere instruction and exhortation. This was thoroughly understood by Bishop Ketteler of Mainz, when he put into the mouths of the infidel workmen of his day the following words:

> Of what use are your fine teachings to me? What is the good of your referring me by way of consolation to the next world, if in this world you let me and my wife perish with hunger; you are not seeking my welfare, you are looking for something else.

It will devolve on the pastor to undertake to assist his working men by organization and legislation. Most of the progress made by the working classes in recent times has been due to organization, and it will be the duty of the clergy to encourage every form of workmen's association which legitimately promotes the workmen's interests. Much has been written concerning freedom of contract and the importance of allowing each man to bargain for himself. After a long and painful struggle, the working man has realized that there is no equality of bargaining power when the individual workman is pitted against the large employer. For freedom of contract, it is necessary that the working men combine and bargain collectively with their employers, so that there may be some semblance of

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equality between the two contracting parties. The so-called American plan whereby the employer refuses to deal with labor collectively is, under a specious pretense of liberality, merely a hollow sham. The power of the employer to withhold bread is a vastly greater advantage than the power of the individual employee to refuse to labor. To speak of freedom of contract between the individual employee, whose family may be on the verge of starvation, and the modern accumulation of capital that seeks to employ labor, is simply grotesque humor.

The importance of workmen's associations is set forth by Leo XIII and the encouragement of labor unions will properly claim the interest of the minister of religion. It will, however, not be sufficient to encourage the organization of labor associations, and to promote an increase of their membership, but it will be necessary for the pastor to impress upon the members of the unions who belong to his own congregation, the importance of electing good men to leadership, and of recognizing that the union is not merely an economic institution but has moral aspects as well. No small injury has been done to the cause of labor in our time through unprincipled leaders and a disregard of the moral principles which must provide the basis of permanent association.

In the field of coöperation laboring men have successfully maintained stores which have proved a boon to their members. One form of coöperation deserves especial attention; namely, the establishment of a co-operative credit association in a parish which will free the laboring man from the clutches of the loan shark, and will enable him to secure necessary advances of money on reasonable terms and without placing him in the power of the lender. Finally, the establishment of parish study groups among laboring men will be found of great service as a means of inculcating Christian principles in regard to these economic issues.

The utility of organization cannot be questioned. Nevertheless, there are limits to its successful activity. There are great groups of working people whom it is difficult to organize, and up to the present only a comparatively small percentage of workers are actually organized. It is the duty of the state to prevent any class of the population from becoming submerged, and consequently the pastor will, in his solicitude for his people, urge the necessary legislation to protect them. The problem of the inadequacy of women's wages is present in most American cities, and the program for minimum wage legislation should secure the hearty co-operation of the clergy.

A similar interest will be manifested by the pastor in the limitation of hours of labor, both of women and of men, especially in the prohibiting, as far as possible, of Sunday work and of late night work. I recall that when the Industrial Welfare Commission of Oregon first entered a ruling prohibiting work for women in the department stores after six o'clock in the evening, many young women had for the first time in months a reasonable opportunity to go to church and hear Mass on Sunday morning.

Workmen's compensation legislation has now come in most of our states, and with it the abolition of the common law pleas of contributory negligence and assumption of risk, which enabled the liability insurance companies to prevent the injured workman from receiving compensation; but the principle of compensation needs to be maintained and extended, the importance of safety devices on machinery insisted upon, and many occupational diseases should be brought under the operation of compensation.

The pastor will be concerned, also, with the living conditions of his working people, and will feel it his duty to promote an adequate housing code, which will require the home of his people to be furnished with sufficient sunlight and fresh air, and open spaces for children's recreation. It will be necessary to resist the wild and unscrupulous advertising of city commercial clubs, which lead multitudes of unskilled laborers to congregate in congested centers, flooding the labor market and overcrowding the tenements. I have attended dying men in working-men's hotels in rooms where no light but that cast by the flickering flame of the gas jet ever penetrated. Such conditions will be found wherever there is a lack of adequate housing legislation, or a neglect of its enforcement.

The pastor, too, will be interested in the promotion of legislation regulating employment bureaus and preventing the exploitation of men who pay for their jobs. The old story of the three groups of men on a job, the one going, the one coming and the one working, is a grim commentary on unregulated employment offices.

Thus under the guidance of the principles enunciated by Leo XIII in his immortal encyclical, "Rerum Novarum," the Catholic Church is seeking to establish the reign of social justice throughout the world of contemporary industry.

Swiftness

O swiftness glad of Gabriel!
No bolted lightning ever fell
As thou from heaven's citadel
To Mary.

The topmost feathers of thy wing
Had ceased not their first fluttering
When down thou kneeled thy word to bring
To Mary.

The furrow of thy flight of fire
Had not ceased burning heaven's sapphire
When thou kneeled low with God's desire
To Mary.

The sun, the stars, had dared not stir
One jot while past each meteor,
Swifter than light, thou sped to her,
To Mary.

DANIEL SARGENT.

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Places and Persons

PADEREWSKI

By CHARLES PHILLIPS

ONE EVENING in the midsummer of 1920, I stood in a wooded path on the rocky slope of a mountain in Poland and looked down at the town of Zakopane spread before me. The roof of the last villa on the edge of the town was almost level with my feet. The villa was vacant and very still in the shadows of the swift mountain dusk that was already filling the valley. The last ashen rose of sundown was dying on the Tatra peaks, their snowy ridges were growing dim. In a moment the stars would be out. . .

No stillness can be so sudden or so hushed as the stillness of a mountain valley with night coming down. Move one step, displace a pebble in the path, and the sound breaks through the silence with startling sharpness. I stood perfectly still. There was no sound whatsoever. And then, not suddenly, not disturbing the silence but as if it were a part of it, music seemed to come out of that empty house at my feet.

The house was the villa of Helena Modjeska. The music was Paderewski's. Of course it was the "Minuet"; and of course I was imagining it. Helena Modjeska was dead and gone; I had made a pilgrimage to her grave in Krakow the day before. And Paderewski was across the sea, in America. He had left Poland after resigning his post as Prime Minister of the republic, and was even then preparing to resume his career as a musician.

All that the career of Ignace Paderewski means, not only as musician but as statesman, seemed to be summed up for me at that moment. Standing there on that mountain path in the free Poland that Modjeska had dreamed of and striven for, and that Paderewski had literally brought into being, I could visualize her as I remember her and him as I know him and as she had known him, with a distinctness that made it easy enough for me to imagine his music drifting up in the stillness out of the chambers of the house in which she had once lived—where he had often played for her.

The first time I had seen Paderewski was in 1915 in San Francisco. But I already knew him through Modjeska's letters. She had frequently mentioned him to me, telling of his visits to her Californian ranch, of pleasant times with music and whist-playing and discussions of Canon Sheehan's novels, and of heated arguments about politics and world affairs. In her memoirs she had given a charming picture of him, "a frail-looking young man of twenty-one," in the days of her Kakopan villa:

> At the piano, Paderewski's head with its aureole of profuse golden hair and delicate almost feminine features, looked like one of Botticelli's or Fra Angelico's angels, and he seemed so deeply wrapped up in his music that this intensity was almost hypnotic. . . . It was impossible to keep him away from the piano. Sometimes he played long after midnight, and had to be taken from the instrument by force when refreshments were announced. We had many chats, and I advised him to appear in public. I knew he would make a name and a fortune.

As an artist Paderewski had made both name and fortune long before that time I first saw him in 1915; but he was then already launched on a new career, one very different indeed from that of musician, a career in which he was to win strange laurels—and to lose his entire fortune. Even then, in 1915, he was the acknowledged leader of the Polish people in their World War struggle for freedom.

When next I saw Paderewski, that new career of his was become a brilliant reality. That was scarcely five years later. But the history of a nation had been crowded into those five years. The "aureole of profuse golden hair" was now turned grey; the tall figure that had gone out of Modjeska's villa to bow before the plaudits of thousands around the world seemed taller still as he greeted me in the Zamek Palace at Warsaw. And the strong hand that took mine, the hand that had swayed the hearts of tens of thousands through music, was now firmly set to the helm of a nation whose thirty millions of people acknowledged him their political saviour.

It is useless for me to write here of Paderewski's artistic career. That belongs to the history of music. The verdict of that history is that he is one of the masters. True, I know the story in detail, from its beginning, of how he came to attain that high place. "You know altogether too much about me," he once said good-humoredly to me in a letter. But there is another story to tell of Paderewski, the story of his phenomenal success as a national leader and an international politician—a story that is not generally known and yet one which illustrates the power of his character quite as well as does the record of his artistic achievements. The youth who could practise at the piano eighteen hours at a time to perfect a pair of hands that had been jeered at by his fellows, and who in the end could develop in those hands a power that has moved the soul of the whole music-loving world—such a youth could hardly escape the destiny of fame and fortune that Modjeska prophesied for him. Interrupt this story of fame and fortune with a cataclysmic war which not only turns the man face-about from his artistic career to the wholly alien field of international politics, but at the same time strips him of his fortune; see him win as statesman a success as brilliant as that won by him in art; watch him finally, at sixty years of age,

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his lifetime savings gone, return to his art, win a new fortune and make a new career. The hero of such a story as this is undeniably an extraordinary man.

To the world at large the most striking thing that Paderewski did was to enter the field of world politics and become the leader of his nation. But that sensational achievement is usually marveled at as a mere freak of war-time chance. Paderewski's musical genius is accepted as a patent fact, the other as an accident of history. It was not an accident at all. When one knows what Paderewski had to cope with as a political leader, and considers how the powers he had developed as an artist were applied to the problems of politics, one realizes that the two apparently disparate careers were part and parcel of each other.

Paderewski's arrival in Poland in January, 1919, had been preceded by some five years of political activity in America and Europe—organizing Polish-American troops to fight overseas, inducing Woodrow Wilson to make the freedom of Poland one of the Fourteen Points; standing as spokesman for Poland at the Versailles Peace Conference. When I arrived in Poland early in the autumn of 1919, Paderewski was in the thick of his struggle to restore the nation to political unity. Poland had been liberated then for more than a year, but in that time she had suffered vicissitudes and agonies of rebirth, enough to throw her back into chaos and ruin. The task that Paderewski faced when he returned to his native land in 1919, was a task to stagger a giant. Other countries, it is true, freed like Poland by Wilson's peace terms, had set to work to reorganize themselves. But none had come to their new-found liberty as Poland had come, torn apart, stamped into oblivion. Here was a nation that for over one hundred years had not only suffered alien rule, but one that had been dismembered and as a political entity obliterated by not one but three despotisms. Different tongues, different codes of law, different systems of education, all these had been imposed, so that it had become literally true that Poland as a state had ceased to exist.

The practical result of the Polish dismemberment was this: The Polish people were no longer a united people. In their ideal of liberty and in their hope of freedom they were united, but they were sadly divided when it came to the question of how that freedom was to be maintained and preserved. There was no longer, in actuality, a Poland to be restored, but three Polands. Instead of the Pole there were the "Russian" Pole, the "German" Pole, the "Austrian" Pole. Not that the Muscovite had succeeded in Russianizing the Pole, the German in Teutonizing him, or the Austrian in Hapsburgizing him. But they had succeeded in sectionalizing the country and in making each section, when national issues were at stake, suspicious of the others.

Who was to unify the separate parts? Could a "Russian" Pole do it, with the "German" Pole eying him askance? Or vice versa? That was not in human nature. And yet a man must be found, a leader in whom all would believe. That man was found. He was Paderewski. He was a Pole of the Poles. He was neither "Russian" nor "German" nor "Austrian." He was just a Pole.

More than that, he was "American." He had lived for some twenty years and more in America, in a land to which the heart of Poland had turned in aspiring sympathy ever since the days when Kosciuszko and Pulaski had helped us win independence. Now, out of America rose up this son of Poland, a man who had been for half his lifetime the spokesman of Polish genius to the world at large. Only such a man, one without a tie of factionalism or sectionalism binding him, one with the prestige of America backing him, could save Poland at that critical hour.

Paderewski did it. But it was a heavy task. After his long struggle in this country to raise troops for his legions to join the Allies in the West; after his efforts to raise funds for the starving people of his country; after his still more difficult struggle to secure the claims of his people in the peace terms of President Wilson; and after his courageous championing of his nation's cause at the Versailles conferences: after all this, his work was only begun. He still had Poland itself to save, to itself, even from itself.

Those were stirring days in Poland. The air was electrical with urgency. There were, as I have said, factionalism, sectionalism, division, dissension, on every side. Paderewski had to face all this, oppose it, fight it, reason with it, struggle against it. And he had to carry on this struggle not alone against large divisions of partizan opposition but even against small personal attack. Poland is distinctively a Catholic country, but it has not escaped the virus of Continental anticlericalism, fostered by imported Socialism. Paderewski's faith, the known fact that he was a devout practical Catholic, was seized upon by radical opponents as a means of rousing antagonism. I remember a postcard that was circulated against him, a picture representing him led by the traditional fox-faced monk of the anticlericals. There were other such attacks, by cartoon and word, in the Red press, a press that gave plain evidence of enjoying Bolshevik subsidy from across the Russian border. Much of this sort of thing Paderewski had to suffer as he labored to draw his people out of the darkness of disunion—rather out of the blinding glare of new unaccustomed liberty—up to the plane of sober action, clear vision. But he had the vision, and he had the power to lead others, thirty million others, to see it with him.

He did it. But he could never have done it if he had not already given himself the training that had perfected him in his art; if he had not developed in himself the smooth-running machinery of controlled genius, of indefatigable, relentless, tireless patience and determination; if, in fact, he had not practised at the piano eighteen hours a day to make the "clumsy" hands of his poor youth the most powerful and graceful as well as the highest-priced hands in the history of music.

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But that is not all of Paderewski's story. He saved his country. Then he did a greater thing. He did one of the greatest things that any man can do. He sacrificed himself. His work of reunification launched, the machine assembled, the wheels running, the engine of national accord set into movement, he stepped down from the engineer's seat. He withdrew from politics. Not too soon, not too late, but exactly at the moment when he knew that Poland could go ahead on her own initiative, he gave over the wheel to the people.

He might have stayed. He might have gone on prolonging divisions and dissensions, keeping to himself the glory of leadership and high office. But Paderewski was too great for that. It was not premiership or presidency that Paderewski was working for; it was a free Poland, a strong, self-controlled, self-functioning democracy. That was his dream come true.

And yet no act of Paderewski's was less understood or less appreciated at the time than the act of his withdrawal from politics. "So Paderewski failed?" was a frequent question, suspiciously phrased as an assertion.

He had not failed. As a matter of fact, no man in the post-war history of Europe triumphed as Paderewski triumphed. He saved his country. He did the great thing that had to be done, that he alone could do. If there be any who still believe that Paderewski failed, all they need do is look across the sea to the new Poland of our time. That new Poland is Paderewski's work. No matter what has happened since, no matter what glories others have rightly won in the rehabilitation of Poland, in the end as it was in the beginning it is Paderewski's work—for it could never have been had he not come when he did, done what he did, and, with unselfish foresight, quit when he did.

He has not quit his art. The strains of Paderewski's music are still heard in the world. The "million-dollar hands" that not only gave away their hard-earned millions to feed starving Poland, but that grasped and held the wheel of the nation and saved it from foundering, still strike music around the world. I know nothing about music; but Paderewski's playing has the power to set me on the edge of my chair experiencing unimaginable things. As long as I live I shall not forget his music. But whenever I hear it, actually or in memory—or as I once heard it, as if by some preternatural conjuring, floating into the dusk out of the silence of Modjeska's empty house where he often played to the stars coming over the snowy Tatras—however and whenever I hear Paderewski playing, I shall feel the impart of a strong soul, a soul that saved a nation not in spite of the fact that he is an artist, but because he is an artist.

THE PASSING OF THE PANIC

By JOHN CARTER

THE PANIC of 1929 is passing, not as it came, with the rush of a tidal-wave, but slowly, like the ebbing of a tide. The forces which created it had been at work for years; its obliteration will also require years. Even so, it is passing. Day by day, the items gather force and form, not the whoop-her-up bits of the "buy now" nonsense, nor the "all will be revealed on election day" hand-outs of the political profiteers, but the facts: prices have stopped falling and have begun to teeter upward; employment is gradually increasing; there are more car-loadings; stock prices—that general index of rational hope—are bit by bit climbing away from the 1930 low-water marks. Even though nearly a tenth of the liquid wealth of the country is estimated to have slipped from the hands of the weak into those of the powerful, even though millions are still unemployed and drought still an acute problem, things are getting a little better. The news from Europe is reassuring and, although no practical adjustment to the Russian economic problem has been suggested, there is a general sense abroad that nothing very terrible is going to happen to mankind even if the Russians do add to the world's visible food supply.

As the panic recedes and the economic community emerges from the tide of depression, the beach is left littered with a mass of flotsam and jetsam, some of which will be of value and some of which may yet menace international well-being. Some of the trodden paths of our national life have been obliterated and some of the old inconvenient landmarks have been swept away. We are in a position to rebuild many of our institutions and to reconstruct many of our ideas, with a comparatively clean slate.

While the precise degree to which the panic has affected the course of party politics in the United States will afford grounds for controversy to politicians and publicists for at least a generation, the depression has supplied an invaluable and reassuring test of our national character. Economists and statesmen will deliberate for years as to the measures necessary to prevent and control future depressions, but it is scarcely contestable that this world catastrophe has resulted in a perceptible relaxation of international animosities. If we are to search for good in the heart of economic evil, we may admit that the panic has been of benefit, in that it has shown us our own social stability and has illustrated the interdependence of the nations.

For a decade the apostles of violent change and the professional reactionaries have behaved as though the only thing which stood between America and social upheaval were high wages and the Ford car. The Communists despaired of success because of our standard of living; their patriotic opponents argued from the same premise, that materialism, in its true sense, was

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the American answer to Bolshevism. Neither side apparently considered for a moment the possibility that the American people possessed sufficient social stability to resist subversion in the face of unemployment and depression. This double-headed myth is now conclusively disproved. We have now survived a crisis comparable to that of England in the coal strike of 1926.

Rarely have the patience and good temper of the American people showed to better advantage than during the crisis of 1929-1931. Our social stability has been demonstrated to a degree which shames the alarmists who saw the republic trembling on the brink of destruction every time a soap-box hero read the Bill of Rights. To paraphrase the words of the managing editor of the latest victim to journalistic merger-mania: "By God, there are men in the United States!"

The country has kept its head. With unemployed numbering from four to seven millions, depending on which party you belong to, and with drought and near-starvation conditions in the granary of the Missisippi valley, and, moreover, with a powerful government in existence to espouse the cause of social revolution, there have been comparatively few disorders and no threats of serious social upheaval. With every incentive to subversive action among the ignorant and innocent victims of an international economic disaster, we have passed the crisis with no Coxey's Army, with no Haymarket bomb outrages, with no desperate efforts to kick over the traces or to capitalize discontent for political purposes. The conduct of the American people, in spite of the advocates of direct action and the advocates of police suppression, has been superlatively sane. We have suffered, but we appear to have decided to grin and bear it and to fight it out on the line of individualism, if it takes all history. Both the professional reactionaries and the professional revolutionaries are apt to find their vocations gone after this example of national patience in face of national distress.

Similarly, international society has shown greater evidence of solidarity than would have been dreamed possible before the crash. In the face of a wave of unrest and political revolution, social revolution has remained at a discount and international sympathies have been strengthened. So far as we are concerned, a most notable effect of the panic has been to rehabilitate America in European sympathies. While we were the symbol of the rich and uniformly prosperous "Uncle Shylock," we were constantly threatened with a sort of moral encirclement, the penalty for having seemed to discover the secret of perpetual economic youth. Now that we have had some conspicuous hard luck, we are no longer hated; we have been humanized by the disaster. While there has been a tendency to blame Europe's ills on the Wall Street panic, the converse follows, that its previous prosperity was bound up with our own prosperity. Europe has realized in the most practical possible manner that her welfare is linked to that of the United States, and while misery loves company, the Europeans realize that they will be better off if we are better off. Even in England, which two short years ago was complaining of American financial pentration, the London *Times* pleads for a resumption of foreign lending by the United States, and as European borrowers scrutinize the terms upon which capital is now available in Paris and Amsterdam, Wall Street no longer appears to be an ogre.

Conversely, the panic has taught us that we are only a part of the world and that, if we are to achieve solid material welfare for our people, we must take account of world economics. The exportation of Russian lumber and wheat was a reminder of the fact, which many of us had forgotten, that the United States was by no means Europe's exclusive source of supply. While Russian competition is painful, it has called to our sympathetic consideration the conditions and standards of living of the Russian masses and is making us realize that the world's standard of living is our true economic frontier. Our farmers, oil men and lumber companies are discovering that their livelihood can be seriously affected by the existence of lower standards of consumption than our own. The export of high wages has for some time been a fundamental feature in our economic life, and the export of the American standard of consumption may easily become the test of our economic policy in the future. While it may seem ironical to speak of high wages and high standards, in the face of our unemployment and destitution, the fact remains that the lot of the American unemployed is markedly better than that which prevails for the mass of the employed over large sections of Europe and Asia.

It is this fact which offers the best way out of the wreckage of the panic. While England grumbles at the dole, the dole has saved England from social and political disorder. Europeans know, as we do not, that an industrial civilization cannot permanently escape the threat of social revolution unless it take measures to supply its people with reasonable economic security and with the hope of betterment. Out of the despair which sometimes besets the capitalistic world, come wars and upheavals; but out of the same despondency, comes action. Hence it is that the next few years may witness a decisive effort by the Western world to fortify itself against the appeals to mass revolt implicit in any failure of capitalism to offset Bolshevism with the promise of individual security and the evidence of social solidarity.

In this effort to stabilize our individualistic-collective system, the United States must play its part. Otherwise, the effort will fail. We must be prepared to promote an international regimen for labor, for uniform conditions of work, hours and pay, for assurance of employment and insurance against economic depression. In other words, the task of the coming generation is to restore to the peoples of the world the hope that economics is not the master but the servant of society, and that the Christian ethic of pity, stripped of its drones and its abuses, affords a wider basis for caring for all the members of society, than does the rigid Marxian ethic that only he who works may eat.

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MUSEUMS AND LITURGICAL ART

By HARRY LORIN BINSSE

ONE OF the most significant outward signs of America's financial and commercial power is the rise to importance in our national life of great public art museums. Thirty years ago there were a few fine private collections, but there was not a single museum of any real importance in the United States. In the brief span of one generation there have grown up all over the country huge marble and granite hollow tile structures, costing literally hundreds of millions of dollars, all dedicated to making generally available such of the world's works of art as American money can secure from European owners. This feverish activity has been concentrated very largely into the twelve years since the war. During these twelve years we have seen the flowering forth of the Detroit Institute of Arts, the Pennsylvania Museum of Art, the William Rockhill Nelson Trust, and a score of others; we have seen rich men leave immense fortunes to improving the taste of the public; we have seen the establishment of the first graduate departments of art and archaeology in our universities. The trained "museum worker," formerly a *rara avis* in our intellectual life, is now commonly met with in every American city.

All of this is bound eventually to have a profound effect on the American mind. We are always being accused of having an excessively contemporary way of thinking, of lacking historical background; and no accusation could be better founded. Undoubtedly the extreme newness of our physical environment, of our buildings, our institutions, our national monuments, has been as much to blame for this condition of ignorance as anything else. As Walter Lippmann so admirably showed in his "A Preface to Morals," the run-of-the-mill American lives in an environmental chaos. His intellectual roots have no native soil to grow in and are in a continual state of painful exposure to novelty.

Almost instinctively our educators have seen the art museum's power to change this. The Kaiser Friedrich Museum, the Louvre have, after all, played a great part in the formation of the modern German and French mind. So also can our museums come to have a formative influence on the American mind.

It is foolish and idly cynical to assume that the traditional indifference of an older American generation to the local, grotesquely ugly "art institute," with its mediocre collection of "school pictures," presided over by an elderly spinster of "artistic" leanings, applies to the great public institutions of today. It doesn't. The ordinary citizen is already a frequenter of museums. One need only glance at the statistics published annually in directors' reports—or, better yet, pay a visit to Fairmount or the middle reaches of Woodward Avenue on any Sunday, Saturday afternoon, or holiday in the year. There is the ordinary citizen with his wife and children; there are country cousins clad in festive raiment; there are college students fresh from the gridiron, all examining archaic Greek vases or Italian primitive or pieces of antique furniture with intense seriousness. The day of the effective museum has come, and its influence on our culture must be reckoned with.

On March 16 of this year occurred the most recent "opening" in the American museum world at the Pennsylvania Museum of Art in Philadelphia. It is of peculiar interest to Catholics, for that part of the huge yellow structure at Fairmount then first opened to the public is devoted entirely to the art of the middle ages, and hence largely to the art of the Church. For over two years Mr. F. H. Taylor, in charge of the section, has been working with patience and devotion to recreate on this spot the environment of mediaeval Europe, in order that the American public may have a more vivid understanding of a thousand years of human history.

The arrangement of the section is of the "period" variety. Instead of the traditional galleries, with their carefully neutral walls, each devoted to one form of art, we find here a succession of rooms into the very structure of which have been incorporated relics of the past. One passes through flamboyant Gothic doorways, under the central portal of a French twelfth-century abbey, into a chapel removed bodily from the Commandery of the Knights of St. Anthony near Pierrecourt, Haute-Saône. In the center of all is an eleventh-century cloister from the Pyrenees, formerly a portion of the Abbey of St.-Genis-des-Fontaines. And in the center of the cloister garth is a marble fountain from the royal Abbey of Cuxa—with good Philadelphia city water running through it! Only some judiciously-placed, life-sized figures of monks, sitting by the fountain, are lacking to make the *mise-en-scène* completely effective; a life-sized plaster horse and rider, in full fifteenth-century tournament panoply, already stands guard at the entrance.

It is, of course, easy to make fun of this variety of museum arrangement. Mr. Frank Jewett Mather, jr., in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly,* has criticized it at length and with keen wit. Yet when all that can be has been said against it, the fact remains that no other style of arrangement makes half so real the life of the past. The sluggard imaginations of most of us are only thus transported to other days and other places.

Against an unusually fine "period" background, then, the Pennsylvania Museum's mediaeval section has displayed a wealth of treasures. The museum's own collection, still somewhat meager, has been fortified for the opening months with the finest objects available from some thirty private collectors, art dealers, and

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institutions: wrought iron loaned by Samuel Yellin, books by Dr. Rosenbach, the Guelph treasure by the Goldschmidt Galleries, statuary by Raymond Pitcairn. The Johnson collection, chiefly of Dutch, Flemish, and Italian primitives, the Elsberg collection of textiles, the Morgan Library collection of illuminated books, all unique in America and perhaps in the world, have been extensively drawn upon. For the next few months the exhibition of mediaeval art at Fairmount will be second to nothing of the sort that has ever been seen before in America; it is amply worth a visit even for those who do not live in Philadelphia.

The value of contemporary liturgical art arising from this and similar exhibitions can be great. Here is shown, for all to see, the plastic and graphic expression of a profoundly Catholic culture. Here are statues and paintings of Our Lord and His saints which must necessarily inspire the beholder to a new and joyful devotion. Surely Jan van Eyck's picture of Saint Francis receiving the stigmata, at present the only van Eyck in America, will give to many people completely new conceptions, both of that saint and of the possibilities of expressing the subtleties of spiritual feeling in paint. From such works of art one may form a philosophic conception of the ideal after which Christian art must constantly strive.

Yet it will be unfortunate indeed if such exhibitions should serve only to strengthen or make rigid a slavish antiquarianism. The twentieth century is not the fifth or the fifteenth, any more than Gothic architecture expresses the same civilization as Byzantine. Each generation must solve its own spiritual problems, must create its own peculiar expression of the truths which do not change. To do this requires a nice balance between tradition and *Zeitgeist*, between past and present. Reliance on either a revolutionary modernity or an Alexandrian traditionalism leads to sterility. One must understand the past before one can profitably imitate it, otherwise one will run the grave risk of imitating its non-essentials.

It has often been pointed out that at the heart of the mediaeval Christian aesthetic lies a profound feeling for symbolism, an insistence that everything created to the glory of God shall have a meaning beyond meaning. Dante gave clear expression to this feeling, as it applies to literature, in his "Tenth Epistle," wherein he insists, concerning his own "Divine Comedy," that it has many meanings: ". . . nam alius sensus est qui habetur per literam, alius est qui habetur per significata per literam." He takes as an example of this truth the first two verses of the psalm, "In exitu Israel de Aegypto." He finds in these eighteen words no less than four meanings: a literal meaning (we might call it "historical"); an allegorical meaning, prophetic of later events; a moral meaning; an "anagogical" meaning. Obviously the latter three are vastly the most important. It is easy to see how the middle ages could care very little for the meaning *per literam* of its art. That was important only in so far as it lent conviction to the deeper meanings. Nor was this attitude toward art based merely on a language of conventional forms having fixed symbolic significances—the keys for Saint Peter, the fish for Christ, the dove for the Holy Ghost. An elaborate system of such symbolic conventions did, of course, exist. The general illiteracy of the laity required it. But in every great work of Christian, and even of some secular, art there had always to be a profounder meaning, often a meaning so subtle that only long contemplation could reveal it.

All of this seems on the surface very foreign to the spirit of our age. We read that El Greco, mediaeval in this respect, considered himself a master of the mystic language of colors; we find in mediaeval literature and science complex languages of flowers, herbs, minerals, animals. We, with our intensely literal minds, may be either amused or bored at the whole business. And yet when, attempting to understand, we look at an El Greco crucifixion, or a fine polychrome head of Christ, we get an inkling of what such symbolism, when used by a master, may mean, and of how it can enrich nature to the exclusion of sentimentality. Even modern psychology has begun seriously to investigate the "language" of color.

From all this we can draw principles for our own liturgical arts. We can learn that at the root of the creation of true Christian art, however naive, lie prayer and contemplation and spiritual work; that a pervading and literal, fleshy realism or a wishy-washy, inspired impressionism sentimentalizes art, in so far as it has a religious object. And we can also learn that our own religious art must be alive, must be expressed in terms which modern man can fully understand.

It might perhaps be preferable if Americans could learn such lessons from ancient artistic objects still preserved in their original places. But that is impossible without a trip abroad. The purely secular environment of the museum has likewise positive advantages. It is accessible to all, and it guarantees the best physical conditions for study. Exhibitions like that now at the Philadelphia Museum can do much, if properly used, to bring the practice of the liturgical arts in America to a higher perfection.

The Poser

Gargantuan, with food-stains on his vest,
Gross purple jowls and triple-folded chin,
He bulged within his groaning chair, with zest
Expounding, leering like a mask of sin,
Each Anglo-Saxon bluntness of the text,
His raucous, rasping tenor chirping shrill.
Some sniggered; others, bothered and perplexed—
Your schoolboy has his scruples—bore him ill,
Thought him a beast. . . . But when, days later on,
He read with them the tale of fell Macbeth,
Portrayed the pathos of the little son
Who warned his mother with his dying breath,
So gently, poignantly—his voice's trembling
Showed them the soul within his bulk dissembling.

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.

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ON DRIVING A CAR

By THEODORE MAYNARD

THERE is a vast literature on the subject. All the larger Sunday supplements have sections devoted to the car, and there is always in them something bearing upon driving, if it is only an article that gives hints to women drivers. But so far as I know, the question as I propose raising it has never occurred to anybody. It is time it was raised.

I wish I dared try to turn this into a poem. But the best opinion and practice would be definitely against that. When Edward Shanks some years ago wrote,

> "Moves, with long trail of white that marks its way,
> The softly panting train,"

a great many people got quite excited. The train had at last arrived—in poetry. Since then we have had a number of dithyrambs over machinery, but nobody is really convinced that the theme belongs in literature. Not even an airplane is quite sufficient. Speed may be exhilarating, but it is not inspiring. In our hearts we all ponder the sad truth—uttered, as were so many other sad truths, by Matthew Arnold—that nothing is gained by the mere celerity with which a man leaves a mean life in Bethnal Green if it is only to go to a mean life in Camberwell. Canon Beeching's fine song about a boy going down hill on a bicycle succeeds simply because its mood is as unreflective as a boy's, and because he maintains throughout the image of a bird in flight. Such speed is poetical. A swift runner or skater is poetical, for the grace and strength of the body are displayed. But a man being carried along by a mechanical propulsive force is not poetical. If you do not believe this look at the people on a train, even on an ocean liner. Least poetical of all is a human being driving a car.

Yet according to Mr. Ford—who has never been accused of acute aesthetic sensibilities—human nature has to submit to being adjusted to the automobile. The car is to be the determining factor in our culture, and machinery must be permitted to cut man down to the requirements of the new procrustean bed.

I always resented the doctrine, yet I never understood the inwardness of its full implications until I started driving a car myself. I had sworn that I would never drive one, but that was mainly because I did not want to be bothered. People who owned cars were clearly too much preoccupied with them, and had little time for what I hold to be the good life, that of the spirit.

Yet this good resolve, along with so many others I have made on various occasions, was broken. Under the sheer pressure of the kind of living which I dislike, but which I nevertheless cannot avoid, I surrendered. Nevertheless, though I have fallen from grace I am not quite so graceless as to make a virtue of hard necessity. I yielded to the smallest possible extent: the car I bought was a Ford, mere transportation. I did recall at the time of my purchase my detestation of the manufacturer's philosophy. This gave me some bitterness.

Let me go on to recount an incident that occurred at Detroit. A young poet, who has recently developed into a successful novelist and dramatist, went there to give a lecture on contemporary verse to a women's club. At the conclusion of his lecture a somewhat overwhelming lady reproved him for having made no mention of the "great local poet." He answered simply, "I didn't know that you had a great local poet"; and was told, "Why, of course I mean Eddie Guest." The lecturer then answered somewhat tartly, "He's not a poet at all," so taking the good Detroiter back for a moment. But she came to the charge again from another quarter. "May I ask what kind of a car you drive?" "Madam," was the reply, "I am a poet. I can't afford a car." "Well, let me tell you that Mr. Guest drives a Packard."

There, at all events, is a frank admission of a certain standard of values. A man is known by the car he drives. Even a poet has his genius weighed and found wanting if he goes afoot.

Nevertheless it is better for a man—above all a poet—to go afoot. He can then meditate, or pray, and at the same time get the best sort of exercise. In a car he can do none of these things. He grows physically lazy, and his intellectual faculties are taken up with traffic lights.

I do not deny that driving a car calls for the exercise of some valuable moral qualities. A driver learns to be alert, and prompt in an emergency. I have even known one or two cases of people who recovered from a nervous breakdown by forcing themselves to operate a car. But these advantages are merely incidental. After all a burglar, or the conductor of a bucket-shop is obliged to develop qualities of resource and skill that, considered in the abstract, are highly admirable.

Since I have taken to driving a car I have observed in myself a definite decrease of spirituality. About other people I have no right to speak, except to say that there are thousands of good Christians (some of them no doubt saints) who go on driving cars for years, with a far likelier prospect of salvation than I have. But would not these too be even higher in the spiritual scale if they left their cars alone?

The trouble is that the handling of machinery of any sort induces a hard, dry, positive frame of mind. Mr. Sherwood Anderson in his "Story Teller's Story" makes a penetrating remark. As a result of working in factories men, he says truly, no longer have hands at the ends of their arms. And, since man is a whole, machinery always does him spiritual damage besides.

As against this, I recall one of Mr. Edison's utterances. He deplored anybody's using a radio without wanting at the same time to understand thoroughly its mechanism. Well, the admission will, I am aware, seem deplorable to Edison and Ford and all the rest of them, but I haven't the faintest desire to understand the "innards" of a radio, nor, if it comes to that, any passionate desire to hear one. There is, as a matter of fact, a radio in my house, just as there is a car in my garage; but I should be happier and a better man without either.

Since there appears to be no chance for me to do without these things, I shall continue to regard them as the appliances of an innocent form of magic. Ali Baba said "Open Sesame," and the door of the cave opened. I turn a disc, and am assaulted by Tin-Pan Alley. I step on the gas and the car goes. I really do not want to know more about it than that. Only the other day did I discover, by accident, what the manifold intake was. By the grace of God I have so far been preserved from learning the precise functions of the carbureter. If I am to drive a car, I am going to think about it as little as possible.

Many people, I understand, experience elation in driving. This is something beyond my power to understand. The only thrill I have ever got out of it has been when I have been in an accident. Each time I felt a keen intellectual curiosity at the moment of impact to know what was going to happen. Each time I remained uninjured, and the car was able to proceed. Each time I went away from the scene of the accident in a state of intense exhilaration. In case the admission may result in the cancellation of my license, I must add that in only one of these accidents was I doing the driving; and on that occasion I collected damages—and from a street-car company too!

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One of these days I shall give up driving. It will be something like a man of action retiring late in life into a Carthusian monastery. The time will have come to cultivate my garden, and to prepare my soul for eternity. My early years were spent in meditative calm. In the India of my boyhood a bullock *vandi* traveling at two miles an hour was almost the only conveyance I knew. If it is impossible that I shall ever again in this life attain to that point of rest, I nevertheless look forward to a time when, set free from the tyranny of speed, I can take my pipe and my stick and walk again through the quiet fields.

THE PROBLEMS OF MEXICO

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

ONE OF the most interesting books about Mexico that has appeared recently is the symposium prepared by Dr. Hubert C. Herring and Miss Katharine Terrill from the proceedings of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America during their 1930 Seminar in Mexico. The book is entitled "The Genius of Mexico." From the first vivid chapter by Moíses Sáenz on, it gives (with a single exception) a clear and well-drawn picture of the conditions which Americans north of the Rio Grande find it so difficult to comprehend. The single exception is unfortunately a fundamental one, and is becoming recognizable as such to all competent observers, in and outside of Mexico. I mean of course, the religious question.

Twenty years ago, those in diplomacy who believed with Cleveland and Olney that a thorough knowledge of Latin America is essential to North American interests, were beginning to understand Mexico as an Indian people in which three social classes were at war: the whites; the Indians; and the product of both races during four centuries, the Mestizo group. Throughout Mexican history from the Conquest, the relation of these classes may correctly be termed a war, only sporadically active but continuous under the surface.

One important point in this book is that this truth is now admitted.

The first group formed the center of social life and government, of the hierarchy and clergy and of the military chiefs.

The Indians, as a class, were regarded merely as "the workers," no matter what the clergy may have attempted at any time to do for their development, no matter what safeguards the law may have attempted to throw around them. The curious anomaly of the Indian situation was that in spite of that, individuals among them could and did rise to the highest office. Two of the most powerful Presidents Mexico has had were Indians, Benito Juarez and Porfirio Diaz, whose administrations, together, cover half of the total period of Mexico's independence from Spain.

The third class mentioned, the Mestizo group, was produced first by the intermingling of Spaniards and Indians, and for centuries stood apart from both. In later times this class was augmented by the mingling of that mixed product with Indians again, and being thus brought closer to them has become more powerful and assumed the leadership of the combined two classes. Belonging at first to neither race, like the Eurasians of the East, the Mestizo began early to be class-conscious, and from the wars of independence on, they began to move steadily against the ruling land-owning class composed of Spanish descendants and other European later immigrants. As a class they have made their political and social gains principally through the army and minor posts in the civil service, and to some extent through the minor clergy.

Porfirio Diaz attempted to bring order out of the chaos which succeeded to independence by strengthening the conservative elements in Mexican society, and as a matter of fact, whether by intentional policy or not, the Mestizo group was also strengthened in the process. He neglected the Indian, however. In some cases he suppressed tribal aspirations as ruthlessly as we have done during our frontier history. It was evident nevertheless, during the later years of his régime, to anyone who cared and was competent to observe, that a real problem had been left by the conquerors for the future to solve; that solution was becoming pressing and that it needed very little to bring the situation to a point at which it could only be solved by force. It may have been a belated realization of that fact which caused Diaz to withdraw without defense when Madero's battle-cry of "Land for the Indian" precipitated the conflict.

That was, at last, the great chance of the Mestizo. He took it. Madero was negligible as a war leader, but his ideology served admirably as a temporary standard in a class war. It was exactly that, a class war against the ruling whites by the Mestizo and the Indian in alliance, out of which the Mestizo has emerged triumphant, but with his own perils, for Indian aspirations, slowly crystallizing, are still unsatisfied, and the Mestizo group by assuming the rôle of governing class has assumed also the unsolved problems of the Indian.

Twenty years ago, the personal application of the word "Mestizo" was not polite. Behind that was the same feeling that causes editors in the United States very carefully to print Negro or Mulatto with initial capitals.

Here in this book "The Genius of Mexico," the word is acknowledged and the appellation of "Mestizo" claimed with pride, with the connotation that he is the only real Mexican. The fact of class warfare is also, and at last, acknowledged. It is admitted in its totality and the disorders of Mexico are set forth for what they were in fact, one long revolution, growing always in intensity, for at least the hundred and ten years since Mexican independence; not a series of revolutions, but one continuous thing, not yet ended, of which the beginnings were laid far back in colonial times. All that is plain and clear in this book, whether it be an educator who is addressing the North American group gathered in Mexico, an artist or an archaeologist.

There is of course a discrepancy in this presentation, in the treatment of the very real religious problem referred to above. In the ardor of a triumphant social and racial class very little credit is given to the positive and most statesmanlike attempts of some Spanish viceroys and of some far-sighted prelates and other churchmen to forestall this very condition which has arisen—not by suppression but by a right relation from the beginning. Side by side with exploitation of a conquered race runs the effort of such men as Mendoza, the first civil viceroy, one of the greatest of the world's colonial administrators, to build up the Indian into a true nation within the Spanish Empire. All that is discounted by the present revolutionary generation, together with the effort of the Spanish crown to extend to Indians the rights and organization guaranteed to Spanish municipalities in Spain, of which efforts were frustrated by the requirements of colonists relating to forced labor and the need for increased Spanish national wealth based upon gold production. That all previous efforts in the right direction should be discounted is natural enough, as anyone knows who has lived through revolutions. No credit must be allowed to those whom one is fighting to abolish and supplant. Not one extenuating virtue must be left to the defeated class, whether in church or in government, if sufficient hatred is to be aroused to render the seizure of power effectual and complete.

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That is an inevitable defect of revolutionary presentation. This symposium could not avoid being partizan in that regard, even though, with characteristic Latin frankness, several of the addresses do carry that point, and the archbishop's representative is given fullest opportunity to present his side of the case to the same American audience.

The American editors have loyally presented all addresses as delivered. With the understanding of this background the Mexican situation becomes reasonably clear, and the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America deserves its full share of credit in making it so. All the disturbing features in it become intelligible. With regard to church matters it becomes evident that religion has been complicated by racial and social hatreds as it has in other lands throughout church history.

In the first reports of the first civil viceroy of Mexico, Mendoza, and in the memoranda he left for the guidance of his successors he points out the necessity for a native clergy and to the wisdom of training for that purpose the sons of what was left, after the Conquest, of the native nobility, peculiarly receptive to Western learning.

Special privileges of the foreign clergy in Mexico were, at first, an attempted safeguard to the orderly spread of Christianity, as, for example, in the provision that misdemeanors of the clergy were to be tried only by ecclesiastical courts, to avoid public scandal and consequent belittling of the sacred character of the priesthood through public discipline applied to unworthy bearers of the sacred functions. Abuses entered when exile to the colonies was chosen by bishops and abbots as a form of discipline for disorderly clerics in Spain, and with the growth of luxury in the colonial establishment. Those things have happened elsewhere and are of natural growth. They are part of church history and may not be neglected by any student of present problems.

The conservative or "reactionary" attitude of bishops toward revolution in the early decades of the nineteenth century is also a quite natural thing. It is a matter for understanding in its right relation to what was going on everywhere in Europe, and to the alliance of atheism and the Spanish trend toward anarchy with political and social revolution. We escaped that alliance in North America. It was present everywhere in the Latin revolutionary movement.

It was inevitable that the whole feudal system transplanted to America must pass sooner or later.

The absorbing question for the present in Mexico, and for the future in similar countries based on a semi-Christian Indian population, is: What is the ruling class going to do with its power?

Not for nothing does the Mestizo bear another name, in Latin America: "Ladino," which means a "smart," "shrewd," "clever" or even "tricky" fellow, something like the old meaning given to "Yankee." For the moment, all revolutionary methods which have been successful elsewhere in the world, including the methods of Moscow, were used to gain and consolidate ruling power. Yet the Mexicans are not Bolsheviks. The Indians were promised lands, and when the new leaders were sufficiently in power, land distribution was emphasized in order to distract attention from revolution. The word "revolution" has become an awkward one in Mexico, for though it remains a slogan, a veritable war-cry, and all education is based upon it, the ruling class is well aware that while the Indian has been trained to cut the throats of the "governing class," the triumphant Mestizo throat is the only one left to cut. Hence the emphasis on the development of the gentle arts among the Indians—music, painting and carving, rhythmic dancing and the rest—in all of which the Mexican Indians have real talent, capable of producing something very fine. That realization accounts for the subordination of reading and writing for them. It is not at all necessary for Indians to read all that is being written about further revolutionary effort. It also accounts for the caution observed toward forming an alliance with the Church for Indian development. The ruling class mistrusts the relation with the Church, for the ruling class knows itself to be in great degree responsible for present tension, even though some of the most prominent Liberal leaders admit that the success of their program is impossible except on the basis of a "purged" Catholicism. It is not at all necessary to suppose that they mean Catholicism shorn of any of its fundamentals. It does mean that to some; many more mean a true revival and a spread of living Catholicism shorn of what they claim to be excrescences.

The whole Mexican problem is one of the most interesting in the world today and most worthy of the study of North Americans and particularly of Catholics.

COMMUNICATIONS

LITURGICAL PROBLEMS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: There seems to have been quite a flurry over my little letter in THE COMMONWEAL defending Father Finn against the insidious attack of Mr. Cuthbert Wright. Since you have allowed nearly five times as much space to my critics as to me, I know you will permit me a brief rebuttal.

I confine my effort to an attempt to assist Mr. Wright to think accurately. He says "it is hard to see how [his] being an Episcopalian can affect the questions involved in [his] article." So I will explain. An Episcopalian is entitled to criticize the music and the services in the Catholic Church from the point of view of aesthetics, but not upon the ground of their being unorthodox. I have not blamed Mr. Wright for being an Episcopalian. I have blamed him because, being an Episcopalian, he has presumed to criticize Catholics as not sufficiently Catholic. He upbraids us for disloyalty to the Pope. I replied that if he is so loyal to a papal "Motu Proprio" (on music), he should consistently be loyal to a papal encyclical (on Anglican orders.) That is how the question of his religion came in.

He says his letter "might just as well have been written by a Mohammedan so far as any sectarian feeling is concerned." I agree; a Mohammedan has just as much right as an Anglican to criticize the orthodoxy of the Catholic service. Just as much! The difference is that Mohammedans don't do it and Anglicans do. The Mohammedan has a sense of the fitness of things. The question does not concern "sectarian feeling." It concerns the right of a non-Catholic to tell the Catholic Church how to conduct its services. Quite undeterred, Mr. Wright returns a second time to the assault and calls the service in St. Paul's Church (our church) "Protestant." I had previously accused him of subtle arrogance. I now withdraw the word "subtle."

I had also directed Mr. Wright's attention to the fact that things essential to the Catholic faith are more important than those that are non-essential. Evidently I spoke in vain. For he asks if a pastor would be justified in substituting a "species of musical prayer meeting" in place of the Mass, if multitudes of the people decided that they no longer desired the Mass. Must I explain that if the slightest *essential* to Catholic worship were in danger, the Pope and the hierarchy would act swiftly and vigorously? Since the Pope and the hierarchy have not found fault with the Paulist service, they evidently are satisfied with its orthodoxy. The super-Catholic, ultra-papal Mr. Wright

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is not satisfied. And he is surprised to find that we think him arrogant.

I admit that I speak in this matter with some little warmth. There is a background to the discussion. Five years ago Mr. Wright brought out a book, "The Story of the Catholic Church." The public at large believed the author to be a Catholic. Indeed he wrote as if he were. The reviewer in the New York *Sun,* Rollin Lynde Hartt, said Mr. Wright "is not only a convinced Christian but a convinced Catholic . . . a strange Catholic." "Strange" is a mild word. The first chapter of "The Story of the Catholic Church" is a little masterpiece of scepticism. Its conclusion is: "There is not a scrap of evidence, in any accepted sense of the word, to justify the common conception of a historic Jesus. It is not even enough to say with Loisy: 'I know nothing of Him save that He existed.' One must say courageously: I know nothing of Him, not even His existence. There is no document which proves positively, I will not say that He was God, but even that He was ever man."

True, in a footnote, apparently an afterthought, Mr. Wright explains, in exceedingly small type, that the chapter must be read merely as an exposition of the case against the historic Christ. A more inept beginning, from the literary point of view, or the theological or historical point of view, would be impossible.

The book continues, becoming, in my judgment, more and more offensive. On every page Mr. Wright shows himself hopelessly unfit to understand or evaluate the Catholic religion. Still he presented himself, and he now continues to present himself to the world as a Catholic. He still sits in judgment upon us, not as a critic from the outside, but as a loyal adherent from within. He deceived the critics. He deceived doubtless other non-Catholic readers. Perhaps he deceived some poorly instructed Catholics. Even in THE COMMONWEAL article no information was presented that he was anything but a Catholic.

In the chapter on "The Catholic Church in America" Mr. Wright attacks the dramatic editor of THE COMMONWEAL most scornfully and contemptuously. Then, as now, he upbraids a Catholic as being un-Catholic. He maintains that Richard Dana Skinner's antipathy to uncleanness in the theatre is not in line with Catholic tradition. And he takes a vicious side-wipe at Catholic literature. "We all know," says Mr. Wright, "what a really good 'Catholic' book is. It is something one wouldn't give a dog to worry, let alone a sensible child to read." And so also, "when a play is completely and abysmally idiotic it is always guaranteed 'clean,' whatever that means to a Catholic journalist's peculiar mind." And then Mr. Wright permits himself a sentence in which his animus is nakedly and shamefully revealed. He detects in Catholic criticism, "a reaction . . . which is half Irish, half Puritan, and wholly uneducated" and he declares that the Catholic Church in this country, as far as literature and art are concerned, is "in the throes of eunuch worship."

I take these expressions (I could assemble hundreds more) as proof conclusive that Mr. Wright understands neither Catholic faith nor Catholic morality and that, therefore, his setting himself up as a defender of the orthodoxy of Catholic worship is a mark of arrogance.

In the same volume, which purports to cover the history of the Catholic Church for 1900 years, Mr. Wright finds space to lament the liturgical deterioration, as he thinks it, in the Paulist Church. He explains *"Sic transit gloria!"* Really such solicitude for Catholicity upon the part of a man who is not convinced that Jesus Christ ever lived is extraordinary!

I have not time to answer other correspondents who have attacked me and supported Mr. Wright in the pages of THE COMMONWEAL. But I will say to one of them who excuses my blundering on the supposition that I "did not have time for a careful consideration of [my] statements," that I am never too busy to come to the defense of a lifelong friend.

That same correspondent must have been rather busy himself, for he quotes as from Father Finn, a statement put into Father Finn's mouth by Cuthbert Wright. He even goes so far as to put the sentiment into my mouth, or at least to suppose it in my mind. And thereupon he builds up an argument—with epithets, "fantastic and ridiculous"—against me and against Father Finn! I never made the statement; it concerns the mechanics of the boy-voice, of which I know nothing. It is not my custom to speak when I know nothing. Yet the Reverend Charles Rossini speaks of my "astounding erroneous statements." The truly "astounding" fact is that he invents a statement and calls it mine! I wonder how long he has been away from his textbooks in logic.

To return to the main point. No Protestant, no Mohammedan, and especially no pseudo-Catholic has a right to criticize a Catholic priest, or a Catholic order of priests or, by implication, the entire Catholic hierarchy on the ground of orthodoxy, orthodoxy in faith, in morals or in worship. The fact that Mr. Wright did so in a Catholic paper was the sole reason of my answering him. For to tell the truth, I have plenty to do without diving into journalistic controversy.

REV. JAMES M. GILLIS, C.S.P.

Newark, N. J.

TO the Editor: May I inject a few remarks into the controversy between Mr. Wright and Father Gillis?

I cannot profess to an extensive knowledge of Gregorian chant, but, certainly, the faithful would accept, and learn to love, that which promises to abolish the coloratura aria that must run on to its last sustained shriek, much to the discomfort of the congregation, while it observes uneasily the celebrant's impatience to chant his antiphon. More disedifying still is the operatic "Sanctus" of the choir ensemble which often continues (because of its repetitious climax) even through the solemn elevation of the Host.

For a pure, simple and beautiful background to any ceremony, give me the Paulist Choristers—whether Father Finn "flirts with moderns" or displays fidelity to Palestrina—but, by all means, let us encourage the fulfilment of the hope of Pius X, as expressed in his "Motu Proprio."

ELSIE A. GALIK.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE

Tucson, Ariz.

TO the Editor: Our Catholic press continually assures us that, in literature, we have "a glorious Catholic heritage," and, secondly, that Catholics need not be ashamed of contemporary Catholic literature. I believe the first statement to be true, but I am suspicious of the meaning attached to it by those who use the phrase. The second statement I regard as dangerously false.

Accordingly, I should be grateful for the following lists: (1) What ten books of traditional literature could be said to illustrate Catholic tradition? (2) What ten books written since 1900 could be said to indicate the state of Catholic letters?

The lists should be subject to the following practical requirements: (a) No work is to be recommended that has not been thoroughly and completely read by the recommender. (b)

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With the exceptions of graphs, photographs, printed music, anything written or printed will be taken as coming under the heading of "literature." (c) For Greek, Latin or Middle English works, the originals may be cited. For works in mediaeval Latin, Italian, French or Spanish, kindly indicate available "cribs" or translations, preferably cross-page as in the Temple Classics Dante, if possible. Kindly add works in other languages to the list as appendices. (d) Kindly state whether the authors of the works in question were or were not in communion with the See of Rome.

Believe that the writer is sincere in these requests, and that the answers to these specific questions are matters of grave importance. This letter is addressed not only to our clerical writers, and not only to the professors in our colleges and universities, but rather especially to the lay writers and lay critics who have made a gallant attempt to build a Catholic revival in America. To be specific, and name a few names, this letter is particular addressed to Mr. George N. Shuster, Dr. Joseph Warren Beach, Mr. Morton Dauwen Zabel, their colleagues, and others whom it would take too long to name.

I feel that our American poker game has been played under the wrong rules; that it is time to call the hands, and start a new deal. If this is presumption, I am not aware of it.

J. V. CUNNINGHAM.

MAGAZINES FOR THE MISSIONARY

Techny, Ill.

TO the Editor: The Catholic Press Month has stressed the need for more readers. There is one class of men who would show wonderful appreciation for every scrap of Catholic paper that came their way. I refer to the American priests in the foreign missions. This is doubly true of those in the Philippines. I have letters from two missionaries begging for books of any kind, and for current Catholic literature. The two are stationed at different diocesan seminaries yet both voice the same appeal—"Catholic English reading matter." One asks me to "borrow or steal," if I cannot buy.

Now my copy of THE COMMONWEAL goes regularly to a missionary in southern Chile. Do you suppose one of your subscribers would be willing to relay his copy to the Philippines?

The Filipino has been fed upon the idea that all Americans are Protestant. Magazines of the type of THE COMMONWEAL would do much to disabuse him of that idea. It seems to me that such remailing might be the eighth corporal work of mercy.

The addresses of those missionaries are: Reverend E. J. Edwards, Diocesan Seminary, Vigan, Ilocos Sur, Philippine Islands; Reverend A. Dingman, Binmaley, Pangasinan, Philippine Islands.

A SEMINARIAN.

THE BIRTH CONTROL REVOLUTION

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: The March 3 issue of the *Brown and White,* the student newspaper of Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, contained a front-page article headed, "Birth Control Vital Cure for Poverty, Carothers Says." A few columns away in the same issue was another, "Feminine Virtue Not Essential for Marriage, Students Vote."

Is the spiritual adviser (if any) at Lehigh University a member of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America? Does the Federal Council include young people in its statement that "the undesirable use of contraceptives will not be indulged in by most people"?

WILLIAM DUNNE.

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MACHINES OR MEN?

Somerville, Mass.

TO the Editor: As an example of the part that machinery takes in our industrial life, and without considering the assimilation in the affairs of business of employees so affected, an industry is very shortly contemplating the installation of machines that will permit the abolition of several hundred employees.

While the encouragement of inventions is not to be retarded, the fact remains that the proper readjustment of employment, as it concerns the introduction of machinery, has not been scientifically or efficiently attempted, but rather in the spirit that all problems will adjust themselves.

It is convincing enough, when our noted financiers in public life voluntarily contribute substantial amounts to unemployment funds, that unless the matter of employment affected by the operation of machinery is seriously considered and regulated, some form of unemployment insurance must be provided or an unemployment fund must remain continuously in force, if we are to discourage forces opposed to constituted government or authority.

Many suggestions are offered by men prominent in our public or industrial life that would afford a temporary relief at least, such as a five-day week or its equivalent; but until the cooperation and coördination is unselfishly instituted, and with the thought of a maximum increase in purchasing power that will affect every industry and commercial enterprise advantageously, it will only result in an improvement of the situation sectionally, where the theory is practised and in keeping with the principles of the Golden Rule.

In eradicating selfishness, that unfortunately identifies itself with human nature in this present era, we will fundamentally create the necessary environment for progress.

WILLIAM H. BASTION.

"NON-CATHOLIC"

Pittsfield, Mass.

TO the Editor: Will you tell a constant reader—many constant readers—the reason for the usage "non-Catholic"? Why not non-Protestant, non-Jew, non-Mohammedan? Does it comprehend only those who have acknowledged church affiliations of some sort or does it include also the millions who do not go to church at all?

One assumes, of course, that the persons who use the term, "non-Catholic," proceed on the theory that there is only one true faith and all others are outside the fold—outcasts, so to speak—but that would not explain why it is employed in publications that are intended for general reading and undertake to present all sides of current discussions. Why should a person of another faith, or of no faith, be linked in at all, even by implication or connotation? Why should he be thus branded? A few days ago I saw in print a complaint that the compound word was intended as an opprobrium, but I can hardly believe that. Who would desire to be so unchristian?

As I am very well aware, it is difficult to ask questions of this kind without laying oneself open to the charge that one is seeking controversy, but that certainly is farthest from my thought or purpose. I write in a spirit of truth-seeking as neither a pagan nor a professional Christian.

JOSEPH HOLLISTER.

The title page and index for Volume XIII of THE COMMONWEAL *are now ready, and will be sent upon request.*

THE PLAY AND DANCE

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Devil in the Mind

CRITICISM is frequently directed against American theatre audiences on the ground that they accept only a diet of sparkling wines and refuse to taste the mightier and deeper beverages. It is said that they like only comedies, or plays of mawkish sentiment, or else plays crowded with realistic action after the fashion of the well-constructed movie. This is a very interesting criticism, suffering only from the rather important defect that it is wholly untrue. Americans are wholly capable of understanding and richly appreciating fine tragedy, whether it be the Sophocles "Electra" under the guiding genius of Margaret Anglin, or "The Dybbuk," or Ibsen's "Wild Duck," or O'Neill's best work, "Great God Brown," or an illuminated performance of "Hamlet."

What American theatre audiences do demand, however, is wine of some sort, a distillation of the heroic. They do not like dregs turned to lye by a mixture of ashes. They do not like tragedies of despair and disintegration. They rejected O'Neill's "Dynamo" as quickly as they accepted his "Great God Brown." For the same reason, I believe they are likely to reject Leonid Andreyev's "Devil in the Mind," in spite of the brilliant interpretation given it by Leo Bulgakov's group of actors, and in spite of exceptionally fine mountings provided for it by S. Syrjala. The play has a superb idea, but it does not carry through in the heroic vein. Instead, it forces its logic to the extremes of human breakdown.

A play in which the audience cannot share emotionally never becomes part of the real fiber of the theatre. Both playwrights and actors forget too often that the theatre itself is a triangle, a curious state of mental illusion produced by the interaction of three distinct parts, the play, the actors who give it objective life, and the audience which gives it subjective life. The theatre as a whole does not live until all three parts are united by the bond of complete illusion, and to create this bond, it is just as essential to provide a part for the audience as for the actors themselves. Until the audience can live the part of at least one character in the play, the theatre itself, as a place and state of make-believe, simply does not live. Andreyev has provided no part for the audience in "Devil in the Mind." So far as objective drama goes, he has written a play of intense interest. He has taken a theme of profound human significance—the self-destruction which follows man's worship of his own intellect—and he has embodied that theme in extreme but credible characters. He has forgotten, however, that an audience cannot identify itself with, or enter into the mind of a man, like Dr. Anton Kerjen, whose worship of his own intellect follows the vaulting pattern of a Lucifer. No audience can voluntarily accompany him across the thin line which divides sanity from madness.

It is quite true that many other plays of insanity have been tolerated by audiences. A ready example is Iben's "Ghosts." But in that play, Ibsen has been careful to provide a rôle for the audience quite distinct from the mad Oswald. Mrs. Alving herself is the chief character. The growing tragedy is seen and felt through her. Andreyev gives us no such character in "Devil in the Mind." At times, he seems on the verge of letting us see the tragedy of Dr. Kerjen through the eyes of Tanya Savelov, the widow of the man whom Kerjen kills. But in the crucial scenes of the play, she is not present. Kerjen is alone when he first begins to suspect his own madness. He is

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alone once more at the final curtain when his last link with reality snaps. At these moments, the audience is shut out of the play and forced back to the rôle of observer of a crisis in which it cannot or will not share.

Points of this sort deserve considerable attention, not only as a matter of general theatrical interest, but also as a sound defense of the much maligned American audience. The trouble is that our critics in the daily newspapers, badly pressed for time, cannot always take the time to dissect their reasons for not liking certain plays, and their hurried statements often pass, among foreign observers, as a reflection of unthinking, jazz-attuned audiences. In the case of the present play, for example, one critic admits that he runs away in fright from the psychic implications of the play. Another says that it has no point of wide significance.

On the surface, this would seem to indicate an unwillingness to sit down before a play that demands real thinking or deep emotional analysis. Yet, in point of fact, these statements merely reflect the fact I have tried to bring out—that these critics, as part of the audience, have been unable to take any emotional part in the play itself, and so find it either terrifying or insignificant. They do themselves and the audiences they represent an injustice in not trying to analyze the true reasons for their dislike of the play.

Briefly, Andreyev has tried to show that a man who worships his own mind to the exclusion of all else becomes possessed of the pride of the devil, and brings on the complete destruction of the very thing he worships and depends upon. Dr. Kerjen is so convinced of the superiority of his brain, that he plans to murder the husband of a woman he has loved for many years—a woman, incidentally, who has never returned his love. He plans to play at insanity in advance, so that he will not be convicted of murder. But when he has actually committed the murder, the horrifying thought comes to him that perhaps his whole plan is, in its very nature, the work of a maniac. He refuses intellectually to doubt the omnipotence of his mind, yet, emotionally, he does doubt it. When Tanya comes to his cell to tell him that she can forgive him easily because he was insane, the last prop of his wavering intellect is removed.

This theme is certainly sound in its implications. Benson took it on a larger scale as the theme of his monumental book, "Lord of the World." In man's worship of mind, we have the parallel not only of Lucifer but also of the Narcissus myth, and the root of a goodly part of evil. But unless a theme of this sort takes a quick turn, unless the central figure, on the very brink of self-destruction, finds enough enlightenment to achieve resurrection through humility, it is hard to find an audience willing to share his experience. In many aspects, Andreyev's play makes a very true and tragic story. But it utterly lacks the touch of the heroic necessary to make it a good play—a play, that is, capable of bringing all three parts of the theatre, manuscript, actors and audience, to full life.

Mr. Bulgakov and his wife, Barbara Bulgakova, give performances of rare understanding. No American actor comes to mind who could catch the fringe of insanity as Mr. Bulgakov does without making the scenes ridiculous or without absurd ranting. In what he avoids doing, as well as in the driving integrity of all that he does, Mr. Bulgakov makes one of the year's finest contributions to technical artistry. The settings by Syrjala achieve with the utmost simplicity of line a combination of rugged strength with a curious suggestion of the irrational. The ensemble of acting, setting and direction is one of clear distinction, behind which one reads a rare devotion to the theatre at its best. (At the Fulton Theatre.)

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The Lewisohn Dance Program

SINCE the Neighborhood Playhouse, under Miss Irene Lewisohn, abandoned play production in favor of annual recitals of important music with dance interpretation, no program has been presented which comes nearer to achieving the ideal fusion of the two arts than the program of organ and chamber music which was originally presented for the festival of chamber music at the Library of Congress, Washington, and recently repeated in New York.

I still feel, as I have felt for several years on similar occasions, that a complete and satisfactory fusion of interpretive dancing and music is impossible, and that either the dance will absorb the music, or the music will make the dance superfluous and distracting. When the dance relates a narrative or pictures an episode, the music becomes a sympathetic accompaniment. But whenever the dance is merely an effort to interpret the spacious moods of a musical masterpiece, the music becomes the great loser, attention being then riveted on details of movement and costume to the detriment of the very mood intended by the composer.

We all experience something of this same inevitable conflict when we see our favorite character from a book brought to life on the stage. The fact that the actor or actress is never exactly what we have imagined the character to be is invariably disturbing. It is even more disturbing when a dance interpretation, however flowing and full of beauty and imaginative insight, fails to catch the implications which we ourselves happen to find in the music.

In the present program, for example, Benjamin Zemach gives an interpretation of Bach's "Toccata" and "Fugue in D Minor" for organ. His central idea of torture and a struggle toward spiritual release is thoroughly dramatic, but is all carried out in a series of staccato movements having nothing in common with my own feeling of the flowing majesty of the Bach music. Admittedly, this is a purely personal reaction, but music is nothing if not personal in its effect on our emotions, and if we are forced to witness something quite out of harmony with our personal feelings, we can enjoy thoroughly neither the music nor the dance—not to mention the attempted fusion of both.

On the other hand, I have never sat through a more delightful half-hour than during the "Music of the Troubadours," as harmonized by Carlos Salzedo, and interpreted in a fanciful episode by Eugenja Liczbinska, Blanche Talmud and Charles Weidman. Here the music does blend with the pictorial representation, as in a quaint and infinitely restrained ballet. One feels a re-creation of old Provence, of the ethereal aloofness with which the troubadour paid tribute to the hem of his lady's sleeve, of the full flavored ceremony that surrounded the courtship of the ideal, touched off with a suspicion of angular humor and archness. Nothing the Neighborhood has done has approached this in perfection of detail, in delicacy of concept and execution. Yet it partakes more of the nature of the ballet than of music interpreted through the dance.

The most ambitious part of the program is a psychological interpretation of Ernest Bloch's string quartet, picturing the struggle of the soul between the desire to withdraw into itself and the need for adjusting to the demands of life without. As pictorial fantasy, it is highly imaginative, especially in the dancing of Doris Humphrey, but it completely dominates the music itself. It is too intensely real in its color and dimensions to leave any room for one's private emotional reactions. It has to be watched. It cannot simply be felt.

BOOKS

Church and State

The Things That Are Not Caesar's, by Jacques Maritain; a translation of Primauté du Spirituel made by J. F. Scanlan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE PRIMACY of the spiritual element finds its most concrete realization, says the author, in the indirect power of the Church over civil governments. Accordingly, the first chapter of this book deals with "The Two Powers," namely, the spiritual and the temporal. The primacy of the spiritual element is also involved in the condemnation by Pope Pius XI of the Action Française; this is the subject of the second chapter. As the author points out, the condemnation of this organization does not involve, however, any question of the power of the Church in civil affairs. The third chapter considers the primacy of the spiritual element in its full extent and this in the author's view is the most important part of the argument.

In view of the discussion and disputes of the last three or four years concerning the relations between Church and State, the first part of the book will probably prove the most interesting to Americans. The author accepts, of course, what is known as the doctrine of "indirect power"; that is, the doctrine that the Church has no direct concern with or authority over civil governments. Its power in this field is said to be indirect; that is, it has a right to take cognizance of and affect only those actions of civil government which have a definite moral or spiritual aspect. It has a right to intervene in civil affairs, not for the sake of temporal good, but in order to prevent sin, preserve the good of souls or maintain the liberty of the Church. This doctrine is diametrically opposed to the theory of "direct power," which held that the Church had jurisdiction over the State as such. The latter opinion is no longer held by any Catholic authority, nor did it ever enjoy impressive support. Its sole champions were a few extremists in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

"As regards the substance of their theological teaching," says the author, "on the relations between the spiritual and the temporal between the Church and the State, the Popes of the middle ages and the Popes of modern times are agreed; and it is precisely this common substance of doctrine which I have attempted to put before the modern reader." Undoubtedly this substantial agreement exists. In some matters of detail, however, M. Maritain exaggerates, at least by implication. The substantial harmony between the bull, "Unam Sanctam," of Pope Boniface VIII and the encyclical, "Immortali Dei," of Pope Leo XIII is considerably qualified by the statement in the former that both the spiritual and the civil "swords" are in the power of the Church, and that the temporal sword is to be drawn at the bidding of the Church. So far as words go, this declaration differs greatly from that of Leo XIII concerning the independence of the civil power in its own sphere. We all know that a reconciliation can be effected only by restricting the scope of these words of Boniface. Pope Clement V and all the other authoritative teachers since his time have understood this passage as applying only to cases which involved moral or spiritual interests, to situations in which the civil power does something which is contrary to religion or morals. Therefore, the doctrine of Boniface VIII is that of indirect power, even though the wording of this particular part of "Unam Sanctam" is unfortunate. To be sure, Boniface VIII was merely using the language previously employed by Saint Bernard and many others.

There is likewise some exaggeration in the author's statement

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of the obligation of obeying the Pope even if he should command something contrary to the welfare of the State. To be sure, the hypothesis is purely speculative, but it is too bad that the author does not use more guarded language. The statement of Cardinal Newman on the same subject in his reply to Gladstone's "Vaticanism" is more measured and less liable to give offense. The author of the article "Syllabus" in the "Catholic Encyclopedia" points out that the condemnation of Proposition XLII does not require us to hold that in every conceivable case of conflicting laws, the greater right is with the Church. Finally, the author is clearly wrong in his sweeping assertion that it is not a sin "to obey our country when it asks us to risk our life for it." All the moral theologians declare that if one is firmly convinced that the war waged by his country is unjust or otherwise immoral, one does commit sin if one takes up arms.

JOHN A. RYAN.

Incomparable Jane

Jane Austen: Her Life, Her Work, Her Family and Her Critics, by R. Brimley Johnson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $5.00.

NO MAN living knows more, or as much, about Jane Austen as does Mr. Johnson; and the only drawback to reading this last of his books is that it makes us want to pause midway, and reread for the twentieth, or the thirtieth, time one of the six immortal novels which for a hundred years have been the solace and delight of those who, through no merit of their own, are fitted to enjoy them. Jane is not for all markets, and this circumstance lends a secret and unworthy zest to her faithful followers. They do not want to share their pleasure with their neighbors. It is too intimate and too individual.

Mr. Johnson's careful probing shows Miss Austen to have been in the main a happy woman. This fact does not lessen our grief and resentment at the stupidity of her generation which never knew, or permitted her to know, how perfect her novels were. That she should have died before "Persuasion" was given to the world would be starkly tragic were it not that it failed to hurt her as it would have hurt Charlotte Brontë. It hurts us now; but the gay cynicism with which Jane Austen met life was a shining armor of defense.

Did this laughing lady cherish a dim attachment for a dimly outlined gentleman whom she immortalized as Captain Wentworth? Did she reveal herself in the finely drawn portrait of Anne Elliot? The theory has taken hold of critics, and they will not let it go. Mr. Johnson says that for all we know on the subject we have "the unimpeachable authority of Cassandra"; but then it is nothing when known. A nameless Englishman whom the sisters met one summer on the Devon coast, who expressed a desire, or a determination, to meet them again the following summer, and who died in the autumn. That is all. We are grateful for the story because it inspired Kipling's vivacious poem; but there is a lack, not only of detail but of ardor, about the narrative which leaves us doubtful and dispirited. As for the more robust suitor named Bigg-Wither, we rejoice with all our hearts that Jane refused to marry him. To have had a Mrs. Bigg-Wither as the author of "Pride and Prejudice" and "Emma" would have been more than the English-speaking world could bear.

Because Mr. Johnson is so conversant with his subject, and because his book has a quietly convincing tone, we should heed what he says concerning the moderation and sanity of Miss Austen's deepest emotions. "She regarded marriage," he observes, "as at once the natural and ideal consummation of life."

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NEXT WEEK

SPAIN, by E. Allison Peers, is a graphic eye-witness account of the Spanish revolution by a correspondent who was in Barcelona at the time. . . . In American municipalities, we hear frequent references to the "housing problem," which is simply the problem of providing decent housing conditions for those who have not much money and who under competitive conditions are too often left in squalor that further depreciates their earning power. SOCIALIST HOUSING IN VIENNA, by Dr. Eugen M. Kogon, editor of *Schonere Zukunft,* is an extremely interesting example of what has been done abroad—and it hints the danger of a solution of the problem being made a political issue and entrenchment of the party in power. . . . EDUCATORS ALL AT SEA, by Dr. Frederick Lynch, tells of a recent meeting of twenty of the best-known educational experts of the country, under the leadership of Professor John Dewey, of their doubts and disillusions, and of a possible ideal general rule for education. . . . FATHER TABB'S MEMORIAL, by Howard Meriwether Lovett, is a charming appreciation of a poet and his friends and their work. . . . PRAY FOR US LIBRARIANS, by J. Thomas Corcoran, C. PP. S., suggests a patron saint for librarians, the reasons for his special fitness, and the perils from which he may save his clients. . . . A ROSARY OF LOVELY PLACES, by Louis Golding, has flavor, color, transport. . . . The concluding article of Dr. Edward Roberts Moore's series on BIRTH CONTROL will summarize the facts in his preceding articles, give an indication of some of the reactions to these, and sketch the fundamental, ethical and moral points of the problem.

Yet she does not often portray married life under ideal conditions, and she does not always promise such conditions to the lovers whom she unites in her last chapters. Emma Woodhouse and Mr. Knightley are, indeed, made for each other; and as much might be said for Anne Elliot and Captain Wentworth. Edmund Bertram and Fanny Price are in for a dull life, but they will never know it. Henry Tilney will, however, be acutely aware of its dulness after six months of marital experience; and it will take six years to blunt his sensibilities, and reconcile him to what Miss Austen philosophically remarks is the fate of many sensible men.

Mr. Johnson's volume is an excellent piece of book-making; light to hold as are most books printed in England, and well illustrated. The fanciful maps of Longbourn, Barton, Mansfield Park, Highbury, Kellynch Hall, and Northanger Abbey are truly delightful. The reproductions of the engravings from the edition of 1833 are interesting on account of their strained and almost violent character. Henry Tilney peacefully mounting his own stairway has the aspect of a brigand, intent on murdering the justly alarmed Catherine. Zoffany's portrait of the child, Jane, is charming. One can but wish for the hundredth time that Cassandra's pudding-faced likeness (which could never have been a likeness) of her sister had been consigned to eternal oblivion.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Spirited Verse

Naked Heel, by Leonora Speyer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated. $2.50.

PART of the delight that comes in reading "Naked Heel" is in the fact that we get a good slice of the outside world in this record of Leonora Speyer's spiritual adventures. The hills about Jerusalem are seen; the sight of them gives as clear a testament as anything said or written:

> "They do not speak, there is no need
> To speak; clear height on height they stand,
> A testament along the land,
> Would I could read—who can but write—
> Decipher dim Gethsemane,
> Moab's long range, and all so blue!
> (Color of love, the Arabs say),
> While deep below, that far Dead Sea
> In which no loving thing doth move,
> Lies sullen, salt and blue."

This ability to see, this eagerness to decipher, gives weight and actuality to the images in her poems. She sees the Southern Cross:

> "Nebular incomplete,
> It leans upon its side,
> As when the Crucified
> Lay fallen in the street."

"Graves in China" and "Indian Sunset" have this clearness in vision, this ponderability of image. So have the two poems dealing with the Medusa legend.

She has succeeded, too, in getting movement into the longer pieces—movement lacking which the most brilliant efforts at ballad-making are in vain. "The Ballad of Old Doc Higgins" and "Monk and Lady" are very far away from each other in atmosphere—New England and the rococo German principality. But they are not very far apart in idea: a normal individual in each is made confront one that belongs to a far-off, to an occult order. In the Lady's case it is a Monk; in Doc Higgins's

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it is a Mermaid. And what makes the irony in Leonora Speyer's ballads is that the normal persons go into the other order bringing their own world with them. Old Doc Higgins knows the creature to be a Mermaid, but he is not going to have his everyday affairs put awry because a Mermaid comes around troubling his "troutin' pool" and misleading "Sister Mame's boy." He goes after the Mermaid with a gun and gets her too. And the Lady brings her rococo world right into the cloisters and never knows that we have to leave one in order to go into the other:

"Out of a dawn of rain and fog,
Into a dusk of hay-fields drying,
A lady drove with her little dog.

It seemed the lady had been crying,
But her lips were carved with that set half-smile
Seen on a mouth that is done with dying."

And at the end there were the family vaults

" . . . that yawned politely,
And the lady was gathered to hers. Amen.
With her blue-eyed daughter an Abbess grown,
To pray for her soul's peace daily, nightly,
And a small, fat spaniel carved in stone
For her quiet feet to rest upon."

In "Sonnets of a Not Unusual Situation" we have the modern mood, a lady in love but with no chance for the dash and drama of the other time, with the gentleman facing her across the tea table as "The mild dusk hovers, neither night nor day."

Leonora Speyer has always had in her verse a spirited tone; the new book has this, and it has too in many of the poems a firmness of structure that marks an advance in her achievement. "Naked Heel" is a full book and an entertaining one.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Origin and Value of Knowledge

Elements of Epistemology, by Joseph T. Barron. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

TO HAVE a true appreciation of the need there is of a suitable text-book on the subject of epistemology, one must have had the experience of trying to teach the Scholastic theory of knowledge to college students with the materials available up to this. The worth-while books on the subject were never intended as texts for beginners and the inherent difficulties involved in dealing with problems of knowledge simply and yet adequately seem to have acted as a deterrent to what might otherwise have been the ambition of instructors to supply their own texts. At any rate, the deficiency of a good text is apparent enough to those concerned and the recognition of this deficiency makes the appearance of Dr. Barron's book all the more interesting and timely.

In the handling of his subject, after some preliminary explanations and definitions, the author sets out first the attitude in which epistemology should be approached, dealing in this connection with dogmatism and scepticism as possible attitudes. He then takes up the question of the origin of knowledge. This gives the opportunity to deal with authority, innatism, pragmatism, sensationalism, rationalism and moderate realism. From this he passes on to the discussion of the truth and value of knowledge. This opens up the subjects of realism, subjective and objective idealism, and the newer forms of realistic theory, neo-realism and critical realism. Finally the meaning of truth and error and the criteria of truth are dealt with.

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In general, the method of treatment followed in this book is a method of exposition and criticism. It will be found that the exposition of systems is objective and impartial and, though of necessity brief, adequate to the needs of beginners. The criticism is discriminating and as a rule convincing. There are numerous footnotes giving references to material from which the knowledge gained from the text-book can be expanded. It has seemed to the reviewer that a somewhat extended bibliography of works dealing with the Scholastic theory of knowledge or with other systems from a Scholastic standpoint would have been a very valuable addition to this work as a usable text.

Epistemology occupies a large place in modern philosophy, so large, in fact, that it has come almost to displace ontology from its position of supremacy as metaphysics. And yet, owing to the deficiency noticed above, treatment of it has tended to be somewhat meager. But to continue to slight it, will be at the risk of keeping out of touch with many tendencies that are of importance in modern thought. At the same time it is also true that epistemology is not an easy, and not always even an interesting, subject to those who approach it for the first time. Its problems have a way of appearing fictitious, remote from any practical interest, and purely academic in the sense that one must encounter life and the universe in the same way anyhow, no matter what one's theory of the origin or the value of knowledge may be. To arouse interest in such problems in the healthy-minded youth who has never wrestled with doubt is not a simple matter. There is all the more reason, then, for a text that will give a right approach to the subject and that, without being unnecessarily technical, will open up to the mind of the student the meaning and importance of its problems. Dr. Barron's text will do this.

JOHN F. MCCORMICK.

A Broad Canvas

Lacemaker Lekholm Has an Idea, by Gustaf Hellström; translated by F. H. Lyon. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

THE SWEDES have the character of some of their huge monoliths, the rune-stones—massive, dignified, dependable, subject to all kinds of cruel changes, but intact, tenacious—and perhaps charmless, according to Continental standards. Such is the character of Gustaf Hellström's long novel of the Lekholm family. In its objectivity, its length, its intimate approach to psychological accuracy, it will remind the reader of "War and Peace."

Dr. Charles Holmes steps off the Swedish steamer at Gothenburg on a raw December day in 1924. As Karl Lekholm he had run away to America twenty years before, after forging his father's name. He has returned to seek forgiveness both for his crime and his subsequent silence. We leave him in the hotel at Gothenburg ruminating upon his reception at home, while the scene shifts back to the youth of Lacemaker Lekholm, his grandfather, some eighty years before.

This patriarch is an incurable optimist. Ever since his good-for-nothing brother went through the motions of attending a university, he has wished every Lekholm to have a university education. But impoverishment due to the squandering of the lacemaker's money by his brother keeps the Lekholms away from the student's cap until the third generation, that of "Dr, Holmes." Then by much pinching and scraping they achieve it.

The generation of "Dr. Holmes's" father was greatly impressed first by Galton and then by the Mendelian law. The Lekholms saw each other in the light of these theories. They understood why, for several Lekholms interested in life insur-

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ance, banking and stability in general, there should be others that were musicians and poets, and even one opera singer, one actor and clown, one waiter and one waitress.

All these persons come together to celebrate the one hundredth birthday of the grand old lacemaker. The family party is marvelously done and at the end of it—upon the tragic note that the only great grandchild who could have come, perhaps the only real "student" by instinct, has just been killed—the curtain is rung down.

Hellström, reputed in Sweden for his penetrative analyses of character, excels in revealing how much, or how little, development takes place in a person after the innately sincere period of youth. But just as one begins to set him down a fatalist, he rights his balance. Success comes to Per and Carl, the sons of the lacemaker, and Hellström calls it God-sent. Indeed the sympathetically treated Uncle Per, who is interested in religion, is one of the best figures in the novel.

The air of Sweden, fresh and clean like its people and its houses, pervades this book. The sincerity of the practical intellect is uppermost. There is not much time or weather or inclination in Sweden to dwell in the realm of fancy, or morals, or religion. But what is left, along with slow stirrings of romance, is, as Hellström brilliantly shows, a certain unconscious bravery and manliness in accepting one's lot and in not crying over spilled milk.

JAMES W. LANE.

The Dark Gael

Irish Ironies, by "An Philibin." Dublin: The Talbot Press.

THERE must be sunlight and gaiety, hope and happiness in Dublin as well as frustration and grief and tragedy. Yet it would seem that the soul of the Gael is often dark and troubled among the walls and fumes of the urban environment. Stephens has made it plain, and Joyce, O'Casey, O'Flaherty and others bear witness to a deep spiritual trouble. Now comes the writer who calls himself "An Philibin" (as nearly as the Gaelic can be transliterated), with the same testimony. Although seven previous books by the same author are listed on the fly-leaf, he is little known on this side of the water. This latest book is well worth knowing.

The stories in this volume deal with such subjects as a playwright expiring at the moment when incredible success rewards his years of toil; a man who has flung his life aside in bitterness at frustrated love receiving the final thrust from the beloved's cold glance in an unexpected encounter; a toiling mother dying as her little boy crouches in the dark room where with heavy heart she has locked him in punishment for an innocent truancy. There is nothing cheerful here, but much that is true; and all is well told, often more than well.

No one writing of the darker side of the Dublin scene today could well avoid echoes of Stephens and other of the contemporary creators of Irish literature, but "An Philibin" has his own style and artistic integrity. Consider the opening paragraph of the story entitled "The Call" which expertly outlines a character and evokes a mood with swift economy of means:

"To a casual observer, there was nothing to differentiate her personality from that of numerous fellow-passengers, when she boarded the tram at Drumcondra, depositing the cheap imitation leather suit-case on the conductor's platform, and making her way to the seat grudgingly accorded. Like a host of others, she looked faded, overanxious, underfed; her hat was noncommittal in shape, her clothes nondescript of hue. She was merely one of many women who got in, to presently become one of many who

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got out. Upon her alighting, it would have been difficult to persuade such travelers as remained, that for some fifteen minutes the car had carried any freight comparable in tragic, if limited, importance, to Caesar and his fortunes."

If the stories seem sometimes contrived, they are always complete and well pointed up to their climaxes. The volume is so beautifully printed as to inspire great confidence in the future of book-making in Ireland.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

The Sea and Life

Old Ship, by Lennox Kerr. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

IN CLEAR, vigorous prose, but often with the terseness of poetry, Lennox Kerr relates the story of a ship and the men who manned her. Kipling once wrote the tale of a ship which found herself. This is the log of a ship which found out the people who lived on her. There is a background of sailors, true to her, indifferent to her, false to her, on all of whom the ship wrought, sooner or later, her will—a will compounded of human discipline and some stronger magnetism, made of the silence of space, the pride and humility of man, the grandeur and glory of the sea. In the foreground are two figures antagonistic to each other—Busby the captain and Dixon the sailor.

Busby is a seaman gone soft from too much idleness and too much authority. Dixon is a landsman lured by some magnetic quality in the ship itself to sign up for a voyage, even though Mary's baby would be born without a name if he couldn't hurry back to marry her. The Hillgrove, battered trailer of the seas, makes over his heavy peasant life. He succumbs to the habit of discipline engendered by the captain and to the strange power of love and hate commingled with which the ship filled him. And the ship teaches Busby the humiliation of having to admit his cowardice. At last Dixon puts aside his worry over Mary and the baby, his hatred for Busby, his longing for the firm earth instead of the baffling, beating waters. With sea for background and ship for stage, Mr. Kerr has given us a series of dramatic acts and scenes, gradually mounting to climaxes of storm and calm and storm again, like the sea itself—like life.

KATHERINE BURTON.

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